HEAVY METAL®

April 1982
$2.00
WPS 36587

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

IN THIS ISSUE!

DRUILLET!

DIRECT HACSA
JNX_SCANZ

TWO YEARS IN THE MAKING!

Photography: Robert A. Smith

Berni Wrightson's Hanover Fiste and his ne'er-do-well accomplice Captain Sternn!

You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them on the golden screen, and now you can see them coming and going! This durable, four-color cotton T-shirt is being air-expressed from Santa's workshop just in time for the Christmas crush.

Order today!

***Heavy Metal*, HM 2-82 , 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022** ___small ___medium ___large

Enclosed please find my check or money order. Please send me_____Captain Sternn T-shirt(s) at $6.00 (plus $1.00 for postage and handling) each.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip _____

New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.

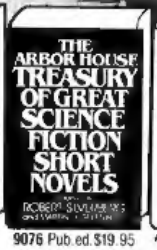
If you do wish to order, but don't want to cut the coupon in this ad, please print the necessary info on a separate piece of paper and enclose it with a check or money order.

YOURS FREE
WITH MEMBERSHIP
THE CHRONICLES OF AMBER

A two-volume set including: *Nine Princes in Amber, The Guns of Avalon, Sign of the Unicorn, The Hand of Oberon,* and *The Courts of Chaos* plus free carryall with membership in the Science Fiction Book Club!

1750 Pub.ed.$12.95

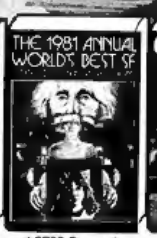
*2840 Comb. pub.ed. $25.90



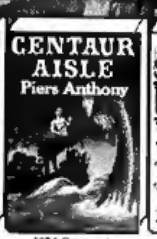
9076 Pub.ed.$19.95

*6510 Pub.ed.$12.95

2683 Spec. ed.



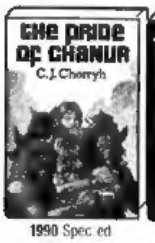
*9753 Spec.ed.



4184 Spec. ed.

1577 Spec. ed.

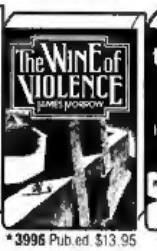
*0844 Pub.ed.$12.95



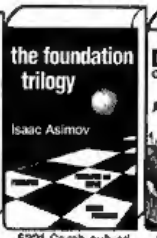
1990 Spec. ed

9811 Spec.ed.

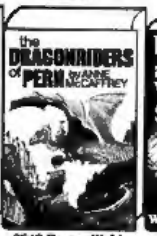
*9597 Pub.ed. $16.95



*3996 Pub.ed. $13.95



6221 Comb.pub.ed. $22.85



2543 Dragonflight; Dragonquest; The White Dragon. Comb.pub.ed. $26.85

2832 Nonfiction. Pub. ed. $14.00

4486 Rocannon's World; Planet of Exile; City of Illusions. Comb pub.ed.$25.85

3855 Nonfiction. Pub. ed. $13.95

4596 Spec.ed.

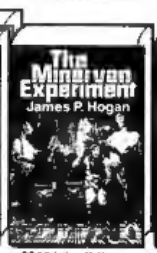
3954 Pub.ed.$10.95

3210 Spec. ed.

0299 Spec.ed

TAKE ANY 4 FOR $1
WITH MEMBERSHIP
and get *The Chronicles of Amber* FREE plus FREE carryall.

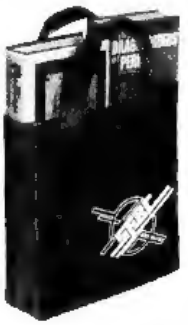
7195 The Maker of Universes; The Gates of Creation; A Private Cosmos; Behind the Walls of Terra; The Lavalite World. 2 vols. Spec. ed



9944 Inherit the Stars; The Gentle Giants of Ganymede; Giants' Star. Spec.ed

6197 The Riddle-Master of Hed; Heir of Sea and Fire; Harpist in the Wind. Comb.pub.ed.$24.85

1958 Twelve Fair Kingdoms; The Grand Jubilee; And Then There'll Be Fireworks. Comb.pub.ed.$31.85



DRAGONSLAYER™ is a trademark of Paramount Pictures.
*Explicit scenes and language may be offensive to some.

How the Science Fiction Book Club works:

When your application for membership is accepted, you'll receive your 4 books for only $1 (plus shipping and handling) and a free copy of *The Chronicles of Amber* and free carryall. If not completely satisfied, return the 4 books within 10 days—membership will be cancelled and you'll owe nothing. The FREE book and carryall will be yours to keep in any case.

About every 4 weeks (14 times a year), we'll send you the Club's bulletin, *Things to Come*, describing the 2 coming Selections and a variety of Alternate choices. In addition, up to 4 times a year you may receive offers of special Selections, always at low Club prices. If you want the 2 Selections, you need do nothing; they'll be shipped automatically. If you don't want a Selection, prefer an Alternate, or no book at all, just fill out the convenient form always provided and return it by the date specified.

We allow you at least 10 days to decide. If you have less than 10 days and receive an unwanted Selection, you may return it at our expense.

As a member you need take only 4 Selections or Alternates during the coming year. You may resign any time thereafter or continue to enjoy Club benefits for as long as you wish. One of the 2 Selections each month is only $3.98. Other Selections are higher, but always much less than hardcover publishers' editions—up to 65% off! A shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments. Send no money. But do mail the coupon today!

Note: Prices shown are publishers' edition prices.

Science Fiction Book Club
Dept. DR-259, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

I want the best SF in or out of this world! Please accept me as a member of the Science Fiction Book Club. Send me the 4 books numbered in the boxes below plus my free book and carryall and bill me just $1 (plus shipping and handling). I agree to the Club Plan as described in this ad, will take 4 more books at regular low Club prices during the coming year, and may resign any time thereafter. The FREE book and carryall will be mine to keep whether or not I remain a member. SFBC offers serious works for mature readers.

FREE BOOK	1.	2.	3.	4.

Mr.
Ms. _____
(Please print)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

If under 18, parent must sign. _____

The Science Fiction Book Club offers complete hardbound editions sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save you even more. Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Offer slightly different in Canada.

27-S239

HEAVY METAL APRIL 1982 VOL. VI, NO. I

CONTENTS

Shakespeare for Americans, by **Walter Simonson** and **Howard V. Chaykin,** 6

The Mercenary, by **Segrelles,** 8

The Incal Light, by **Alexandro Jodorowsky.** Illustrated by **Moebius.** Colored by **Yves Chaland,** 13

Den II, by **Richard Corben,** 21

Nova II, by **Luis Garcia,** 25

Prince Charming And A Very Patient Young Lady, by **Claveloux,** 33

J. G. Ballard: Visionary of the Apocalypse, by **Toby Goldstein,** 38

Poetics of Derangement, by **Brad Balfour,** 42

Yragael, by **Philippe Druillet,** 43

The Voyage of Those Forgotten, by **P. Christin.** Illustrated by **Enki Bilal,** 51

Gallery Section: She, Illustrated by **Mike Embden** and **Tim Gill.** Introduction by **Karl Edward Wagner,** 61

At The Middle Of Cymbiola, by **C. Renard.** Illustrated by **François Schuiten,** 65

I'm Age, by **Jeff Jones,** 72

The Moment, by **Harry North,** 73

Zora, by **Fernando Fernandez,** 78

Rock Opera, by **Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.,** 92

Editorial, by **Brad Balfour,** 4

Chain Mail, 41, 50

Dossier, 87

Coming Next Month, 96

Front cover, Zipper, by **Jim Burns**

Back cover, Safari Between The Ears, by **Luis Rey**

"The Incal Light," by Moebius and Jodorowsky. "At the Middle of Cymbiola," by C. Renard and F. Schuiten, and "Prince Charming and A Very Patient Young Lady," by Claveloux, are all from *Metal Hurlant*, ©1982. All rights reserved.

"Yragael," by Druillet, "The Voyage of Those Forgotten," by P. Christin and Bilal, and "The Moment," by Harry North, are all ©1982, Dargaud Editeur. All rights reserved.

"The Mercenary," by Segrelles, ©1981, NORMA, Barcelona, Spain. All rights reserved.

"Den II," by Richard Corben, ©1981, Richard Corben.

"Zora," by Fernandez, is ©1982, Selecciones Ilustradas.

All other copyrights are held by individual artists, agents, and/or representatives.

Illustration by Bucky Montgomery

Editor: **Julie Simmons-Lynch**

Art Director: **John Workman**

Associate Editor: **Brad Balfour**

Contributing Editors: **Lou Stathis**
Daphne Davis

Copy Editors: **Judith Sonntag**
Beth Ingha

Editorial Assistants: **Stanton Miranda**
Steven Maloff

Associate Art Director: **Bill Workman**

Art Assistants: **James Rios**
Wesley Saunders
Steve Villello

Foreign Rights Manager: **Christine Miner**

Special Projects: **Michael Gross**

Production Director: **Camille Russo**

Production Assistant: **Ray Battaglino**

Circulation Director: **George Agoglia, Sr.**

Marketing Director: **James T. Brown**

Editorial Director and Publisher
Leonard Mogel

HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE (USPS 379-970): "Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Communications, Inc. ©1982 HM Communications, Inc. 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semifiction is purely coincidental.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Return postage must accompany submissions; otherwise, return of artwork is not guaranteed.

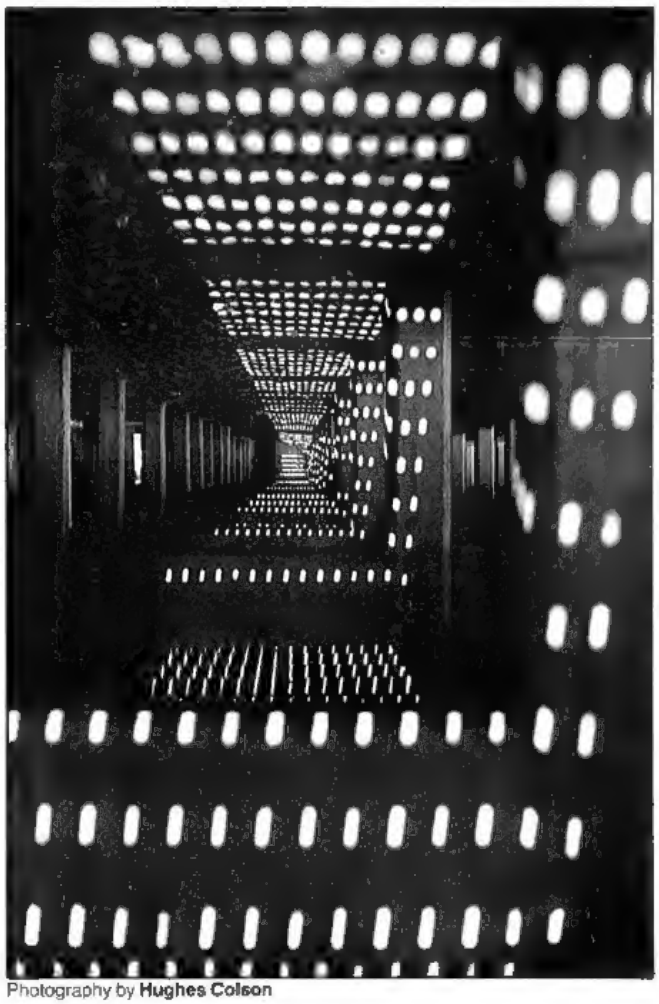
SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. $19.00 paid annual subscription. $32.00 paid two-year subscription, and $39.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $3.00 for Canada and $6.00 elsewhere. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Director, *Heavy Metal* Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Director, *Heavy Metal* Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: *New York:* **James T. Brown**, Marketing Director, *Heavy Metal* Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. (212) 888-4070. *Midwest:* **Banke-Guenther, Inc.** River Plaza, 405 North Wabash, Chicago, IL 60611. (312) 670-6600. *West Coast:* **Montague/Bass Media**, 4262 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010. (213) 933-9217. *Southern Offices:* **Brown & Co.**, 5110 Roswell Road, Marietta, GA 30062. (404) 998-2589.

HM COMMUNICATIONS is a subsidiary of National Lampoon, Inc.
Chairman **Matty Simmons**
President **Julian L. Weber**
Chairman of the Executive Committee
Leonard Mogel
Sr. Vice-President **George S. Agoglia, Sr.**
Vice-President, Advertising Sales **Richard Atkins**
Vice-President, Finance **Peter Philipps**
Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales
Howard Jurofsky

EDITORIAL



Photography by **Hughes Colson**

Whenever I hear the phrase "sci-fi" I cringe. I cringe not only because of its pejorative implications, but because the term was originated by a prominent member of the science-fiction community. And it is this argot and this fan community which painfully retards science fiction's bid for respect and influence in the world at large.

When the Paperback Talk column of the *New York Times* Book Review recently noted that, according to the fan community's own newsletters, "nine paperback publishers are issuing books at a rate of 1,000 [SF] titles a year, many of them 'junk,'" I couldn't help but squirm again. No wonder the Book Review—hardly a *fan* of the science-fiction-as-serious-literature school of thought—doesn't give the genre much due; even by these leading SF people's own assessment, this literary ghetto nurtures not only good stuff but a lot of junk. So much for policing one's own literary neighborhood.

I stopped to consider one case fresh in mind—that of Elizabeth Lynn's *Sardonyx Net*. Not a bad read by pop standards; quickly paced, cleanly styled, I devoured it in one sitting. But then stacked up against the overwhelming praise from within the fan community for Lynn's supposedly challenging themes and technical capabilities I found myself assailing the book for wooden phrasing, pat situations, and facile plot construction. Such expectations had set me up to knock the book down.

So I stopped to rethink. If Lynn had been working outside this insular, self-justifying little community, would she have received such trumpeting? If my critique was at all accurate, then I'd say *no*. But I already knew that. Enough critics from within the field have said as much (some of them saying so in *HM*'s own Dossier). Witness these comments offered by Poland's dean of SF, Stanislaw Lem—hailed by mainstream critics as a major literary light and yet a virtual unknown among the hard-core fans. "...Without a doubt, there is a difference between science fiction and all other neighboring, often closely related types of trivial literature. It is a whore, but a quite bashful one at that; moreover, a whore with an angel's face. It prostitutes itself, but like Dostoyevsky's Sonya Marmeladova with discomfort, disgust and contrary to its dream and hopes.

"True, science fiction is often a liar. It wants to be taken for something else, something different from what it really is. It lives in perpetual self-deception. It repeats its attempts to disguise itself. Has it got a shadow of a right to do so?"

Well, even in light of my grousing, I'd offer an unequivocal yes, for even the crudest science fiction performs a function no other literature does as well. Science fiction behaves as an authentic anthropological fiction.

Good science fiction, *competent* science fiction—even the most limited but internally logical tale of technological advancement—describes mankind in anthropological terms, at least by the open-ended definition of SF. And bound up in its roots as ghettoized pulp trash is this redemption for SF. If SF operates according to not only literary form (metaphor, allegory, etc.) but also extrapolation and general speculation about man in the universe (our inherent reference point is *man*made), then SF must take a distant look at its sources.

When Hugo Gernsback first published *Ralph 124C41+* in an electronics-for-amateurs journal in 1911, *science fiction* hadn't been coined and no one, especially Gernsback had thought much about its long-range implications. But he and his ilk did think of storytelling as a way for young engineers and inventors to solve problems. SF was born as a literature of ideas. But it wasn't until after World War II and, finally, the '60s that people realized it was *literature* and that the external trappings of SF could be totally integrated into the fabric of the form (as with William Burroughs).

Built on the notion of "what if..." characters at first were mere devices to set up elements of a particular problem. But, by virtue of a history which stressed problem-solving rather than character development or invention, science fiction was free to consider man as a totality among totalities. In other words, man's fundamental assumptions about his behavior could be questioned through nonterrestrial environments and radically altered realities. Once removed from his home turf—no longer lord and master of his own castle—man loses his *particularness* and becomes just another creature to be examined. However a writer might skew it, the genre as a whole took a theoretical distance from man in his conventional time and space. Like an actual anthropologist working among Aranda aborigines or the Bedouins, the science-fiction writer had to do as the situation called for, not as he expected.

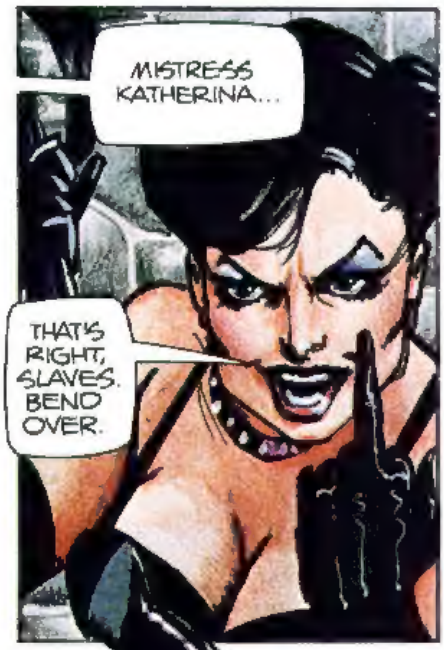
Theoretically then, the science-fiction writing community has generated a rationale for itself. Under these terms, SF-as-anthropological-literature renders individual man into man-as-archetype and the characters of stories—the memorable, such as those seen in J. G. Ballard's *Crash* or Phil Dick's *Ubik*—are made into mythic figures. Mainstream literature does the same in certain cases, but it's most effective when a novel acquires the ghostly surrealism effected by SF's time/space altering properties. The interior monologue within a confessional novel like John Cheever's *Falconer* would be more easily transferred into a science-fiction context than it would be to reduce a book like Phil Dick's *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch* or Thomas Disch's *334* to a more contemporary setting. In fact, it would render the novel immaterial.

The story of *334* necessitates being science fiction. If a science-fiction story can simply be a case of substituting aliens for Indians, then it might as well have been done as another Red Ryder adventure. Yet *334*'s very existence embodies the whole notion of speculative fiction.

In *334*, Thomas Disch describes the lives of several people struggling to survive in a future fifty years hence. All endure their toil in building 334 on

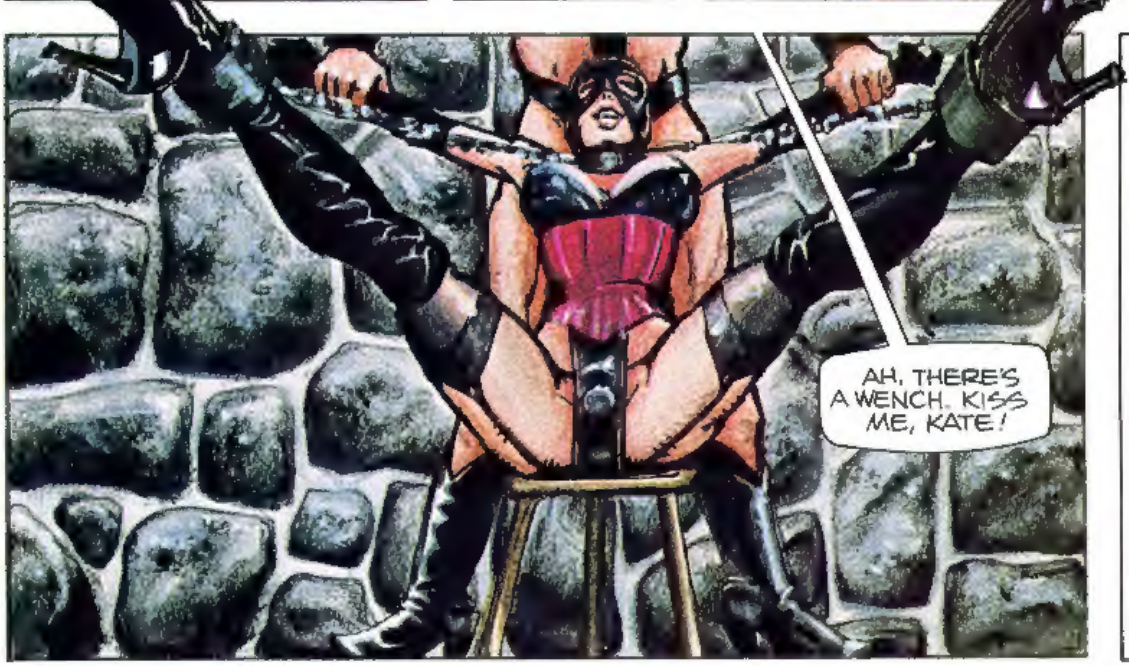
continued on page 41

Keep an
eye out for the
funniest movie
about growing up
ever made!
PORKY'S
You'll be glad you came!
MELVIN SIMON PRODUCTIONS/ASTRAL BELLEVUE PATHE INC.
Present BOB CLARK'S "PORKY'S" KIM CATTRALL
SCOTT COLOMBY · KAKI HUNTER · NANCY PARSONS · ALEX KARRAS as The Sheriff
SUSAN CLARK as Cherry Forever Executive Producers HAROLD GREENBERG and MELVIN SIMON
Produced by DON CARMODY and BOB CLARK Written and Directed by BOB CLARK
R RESTRICTED
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING
PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN
Pathé
STARTS MARCH 19th AT
A THEATRE NEAR YOU



Italian stallions wanted.

Bitchy, dominant, stallionett into B & D, C.P., D.T., English, F. G.E., G.S., G.T., S & M T.T., V.A., seeks same



Sincere attractive white couple, he 35 w.e she 30 ish submissive seeks same Prefereabl in Padua.

You want B & D, C/

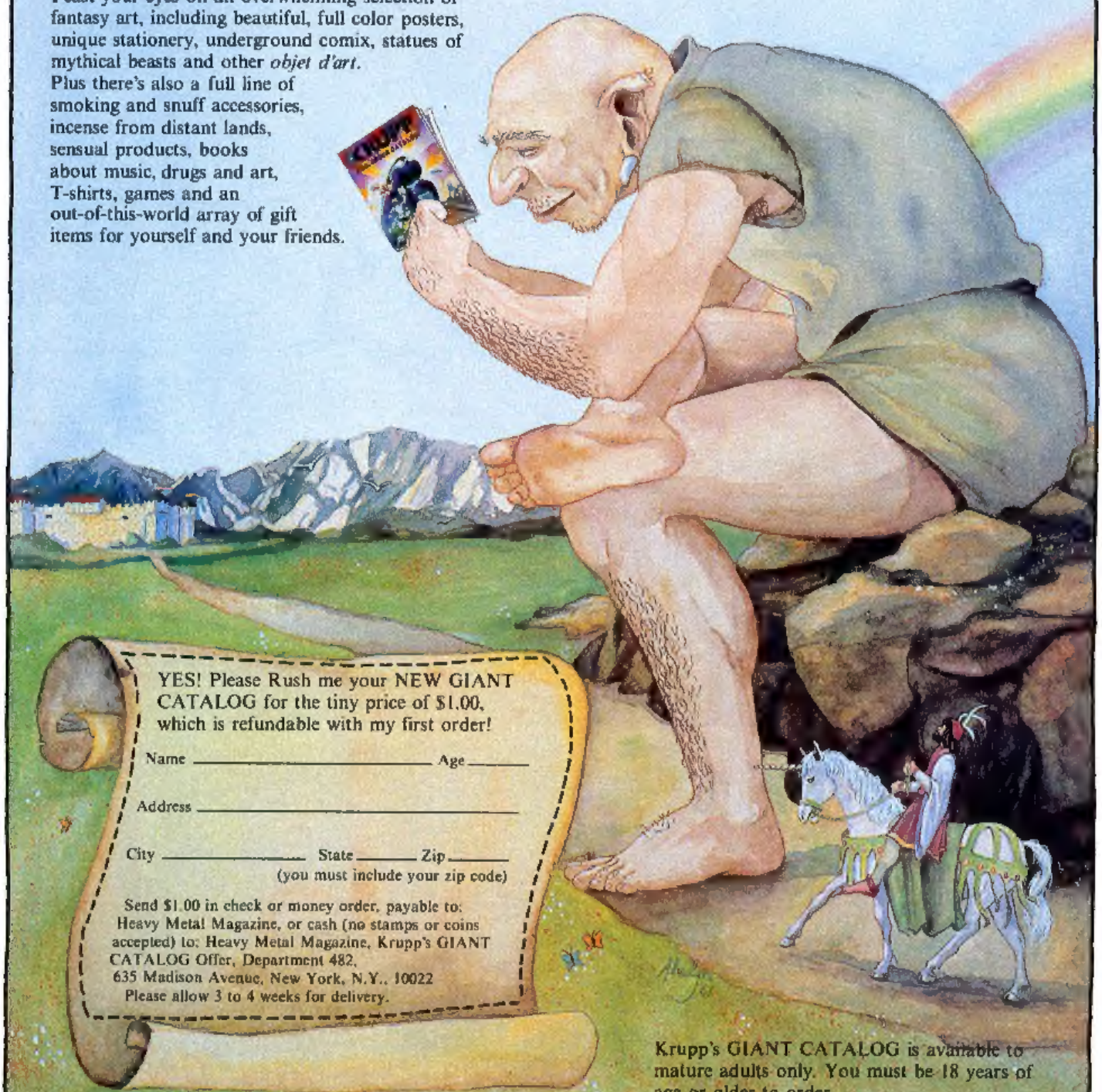
Escape into a World of Fantasy with Krupp's

NEW GIANT CATALOG

Once you open up this Giant 48 page Mail Order Catalog be prepared to escape from the mundane and be transported into the Realm of the Fantastic. All for only One Buck - which is refundable with Your First Order.

Krupp's eleven years of serving people who love the fantastic has established them as Giants in their own right. So send in a single buck – refundable with your first order – and open the door to the enormous selection of unusual products. Why not do it TODAY!

Feast your eyes on an overwhelming selection of fantasy art, including beautiful, full color posters, unique stationery, underground comix, statues of mythical beasts and other *objet d'art*. Plus there's also a full line of smoking and snuff accessories, incense from distant lands, sensual products, books about music, drugs and art, T-shirts, games and an out-of-this-world array of gift items for yourself and your friends.



YES! Please Rush me your NEW GIANT CATALOG for the tiny price of $1.00, which is refundable with my first order!

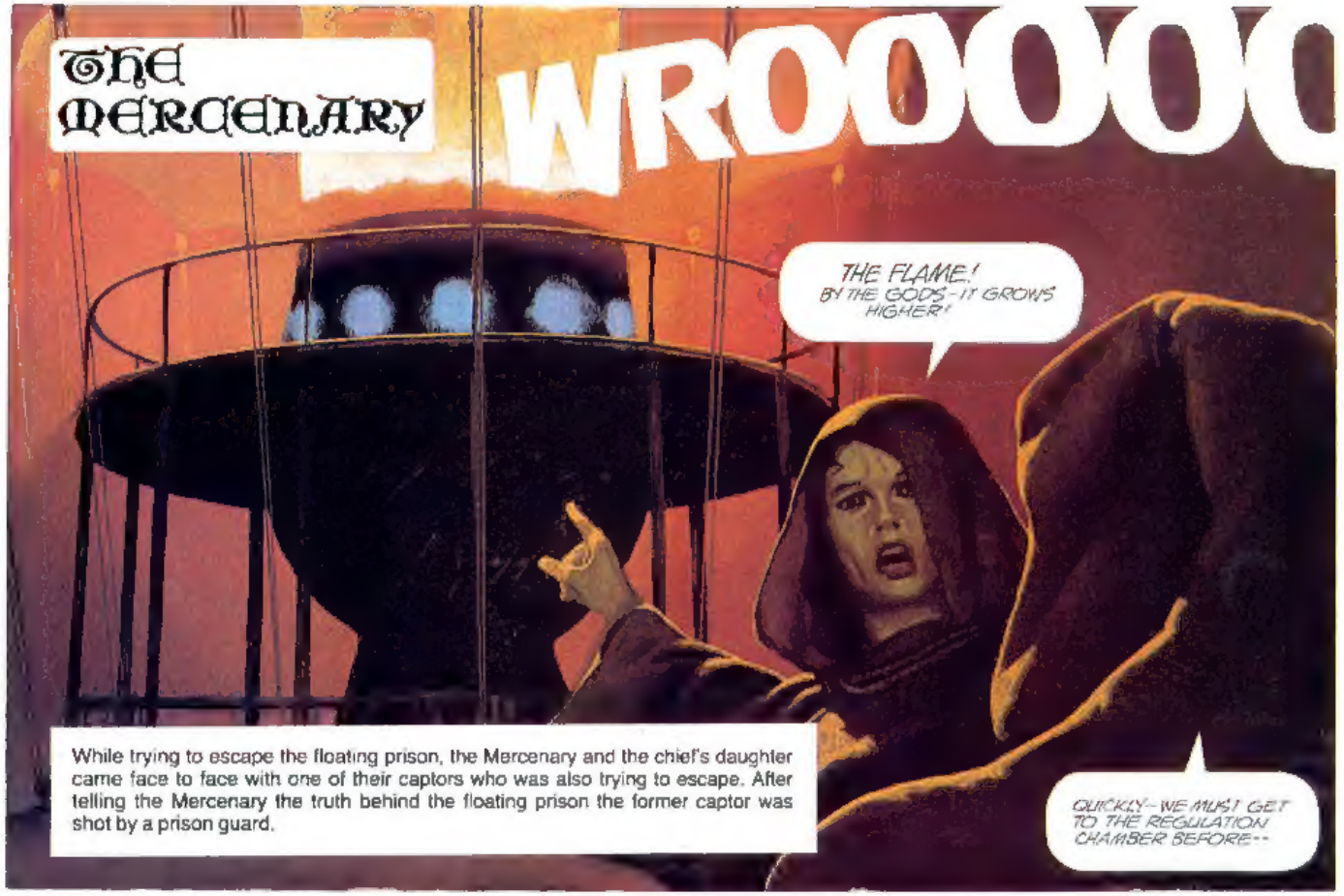
Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____
(you must include your zip code)

Send $1.00 in check or money order, payable to: Heavy Metal Magazine, or cash (no stamps or coins accepted) to: Heavy Metal Magazine, Krupp's GIANT CATALOG Offer, Department 482, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10022
Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery.

Krupp's GIANT CATALOG is available to mature adults only. You must be 18 years of age or older to order.

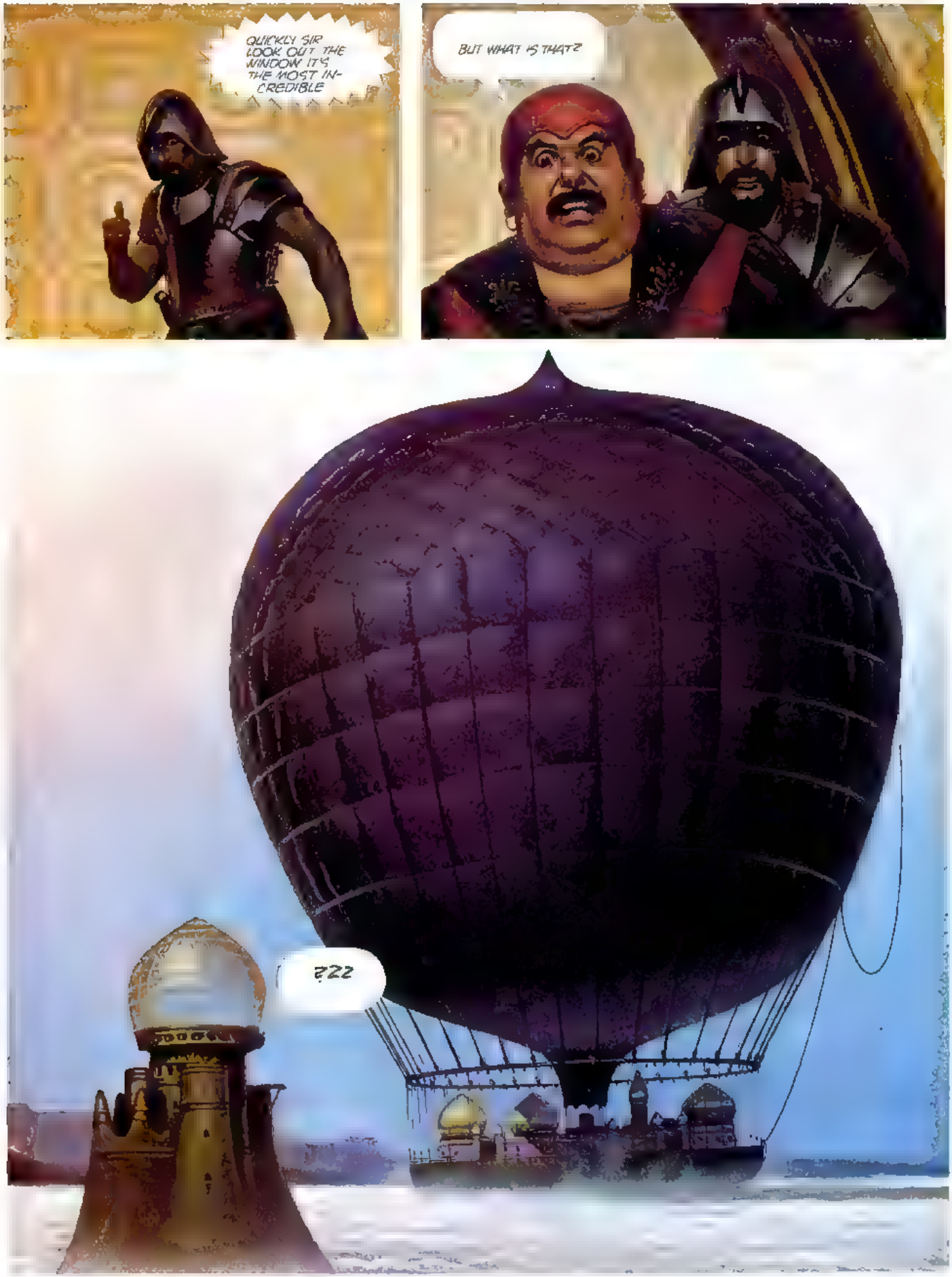

THE MERCENARY
WROOOOO
THE FLAME! BY THE GODS - IT GROWS HIGHER!
While trying to escape the floating prison, the Mercenary and the chief's daughter came face to face with one of their captors who was also trying to escape. After telling the Mercenary the truth behind the floating prison the former captor was shot by a prison guard.
QUICKLY - WE MUST GET TO THE REGULATION CHAMBER BEFORE--

ZAIDA!

SHE IS DEAD. SHE FELL ON THE LEVER AND TURNED OFF THE FIRE!
IT NO LONGER MATTERS. IT IS ALREADY TOO LATE

AFTER THE FIRE WAS EXTINGUISHED, THE MERCENARY EVALUATED THE DAMAGE THE CHAMBER HAD INCURRED.
CLAC
HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
MY GOD! THE CABLES HAVE BEEN SINGED! SOUND THE ALARM!
WRONG
THE ALARM! WE MUST GO QUICKLY TO THE HIGH-PRESSURE CHAMBER.
THEY'VE DESERTED US! SOMETHING MUST BE GOING ON! I'M LOSING MY BREATH. THE CITY MUST BE RISING.
IF WE CONTINUE LIKE THIS, WE'LL END UP RISING ABOVE THE CLOUDS AND ON THROUGH THE HEAVENS!
I FEEL AS IF I'M GOING TO FAINT... I CAN'T GET ANY AIR!

FOR GOD'S SAKE! IF THIS DOESN'T STOP, WE'LL DIE FROM ASPHYXIATION. HOW CAN WE GET OUT OF HERE?
LET'S GET INTO THE CAGE—IT CAN CARRY US DOWN. WE'LL GET OFF, WHEREVER IT LEAVES US. MAYBE BY THAT TIME WE'LL THINK OF SOME WAY TO GET OUT OF HERE
ATTENTION.
THE ALARM HAS SOUNDED—LIFT UP THE BRIDGE!



TO BE CONTINUED

"YOU'RE ALL CRAZY"

That's what the publishers of comic books in the late Sixties were saying. "You can't sell comic books where one artist does his own writing, inking and lettering," they said. "The public wants assembly-line art. You guys are crazy."

They were right — but after over 1,000,000 underground comix have been sold, it seems like they were only right about the last part. These artists **were** crazy, and countless fans have enjoyed their brand of insanity ever since. Underground comix are alive and well after over a decade of breaking the old rules of cartooning. And they are available, through this offer, in their original form.

You must be 18 to order these outstanding collections of adult comic art.

New, Improved Sex Package. 5 unbelievably unrestrained comix that will set fire to your lib do and tickle your funnybone. **$7.50**

Dynamite Dope Package. 5 of the best collections about dope and dopers. Light up and read. **$7.00**

Comix Funnies Package. These 5 comix will stimulate your laugh nodules like they've never been tickled before. **$6.75**

Current Crumb Package. 5 comix from the master of the underground featuring his more recent work — including a magazine he wrote and edited. **$5.75**

Fantasy Comix Package. Artists like Richard Corben and Jack Katz do their thing in unrestrained medium. Wow! 5 titles. **$6.25**

☐ Yes! Send me some of the most amazing adult cartooning available. I certify that I am 18 years of age or older.

_____Dynamite Dope Package @ $7.00 (KGDOPE2)
_____New, Improved Sex Package @ $7.50 (KGSEX3)
_____Current Crumb Package @ $6.75 (KGCRUMB2)
_____Comix Funnies Package @ $6.75 (KGFUNNY)
_____Fantasy Comix Package @ $6.25 (KGFANT1)

Please add $1.00 for postage and handling. All checks must be payable within the continental US. (New York State residents please add 8% sales tax.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Send to: *Heavy Metal* Comix
Dept. HM-482
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL

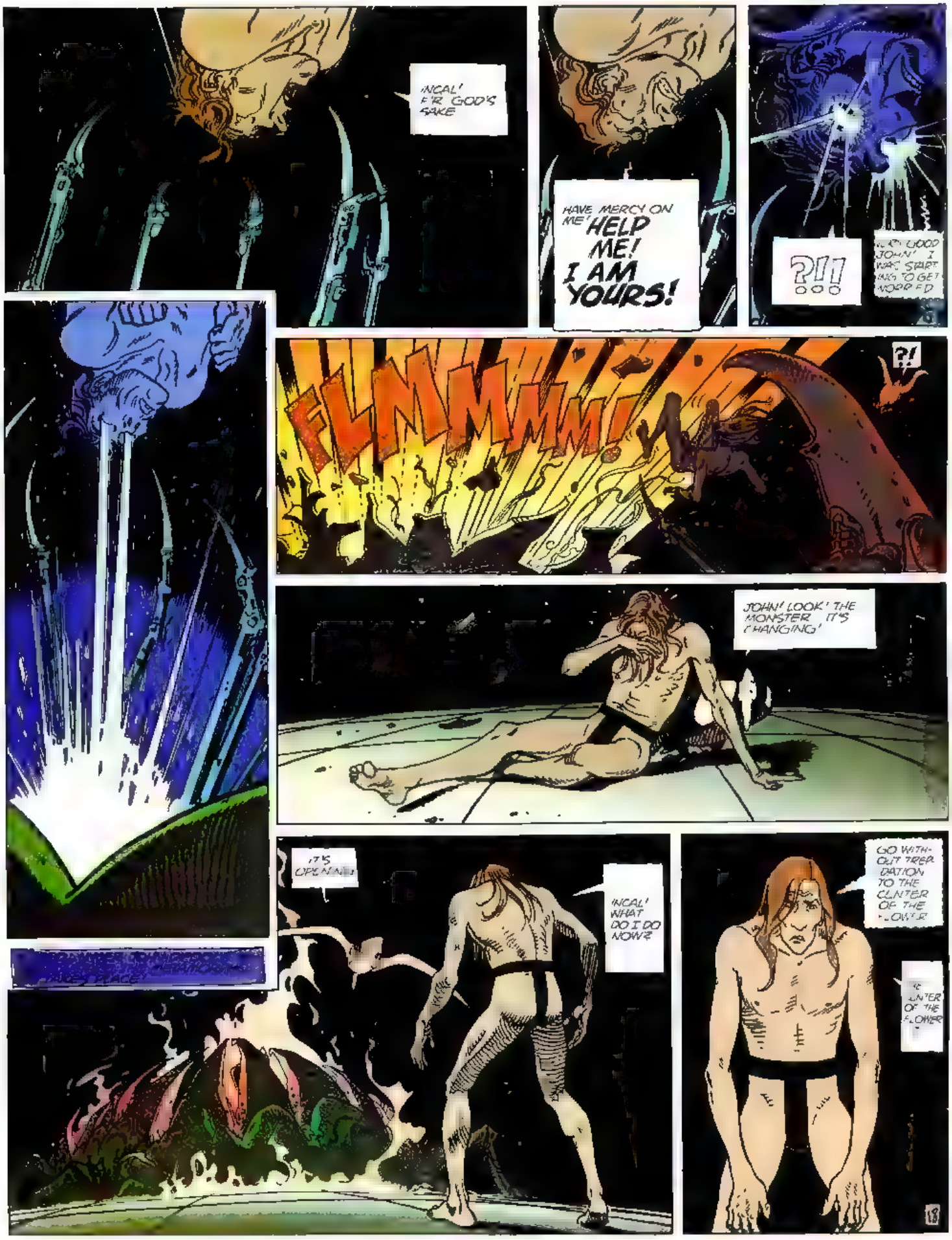
BY ALEXANDRO JODOROWSKY AND MOEBIUS
COLORED BY YVES CHALAND

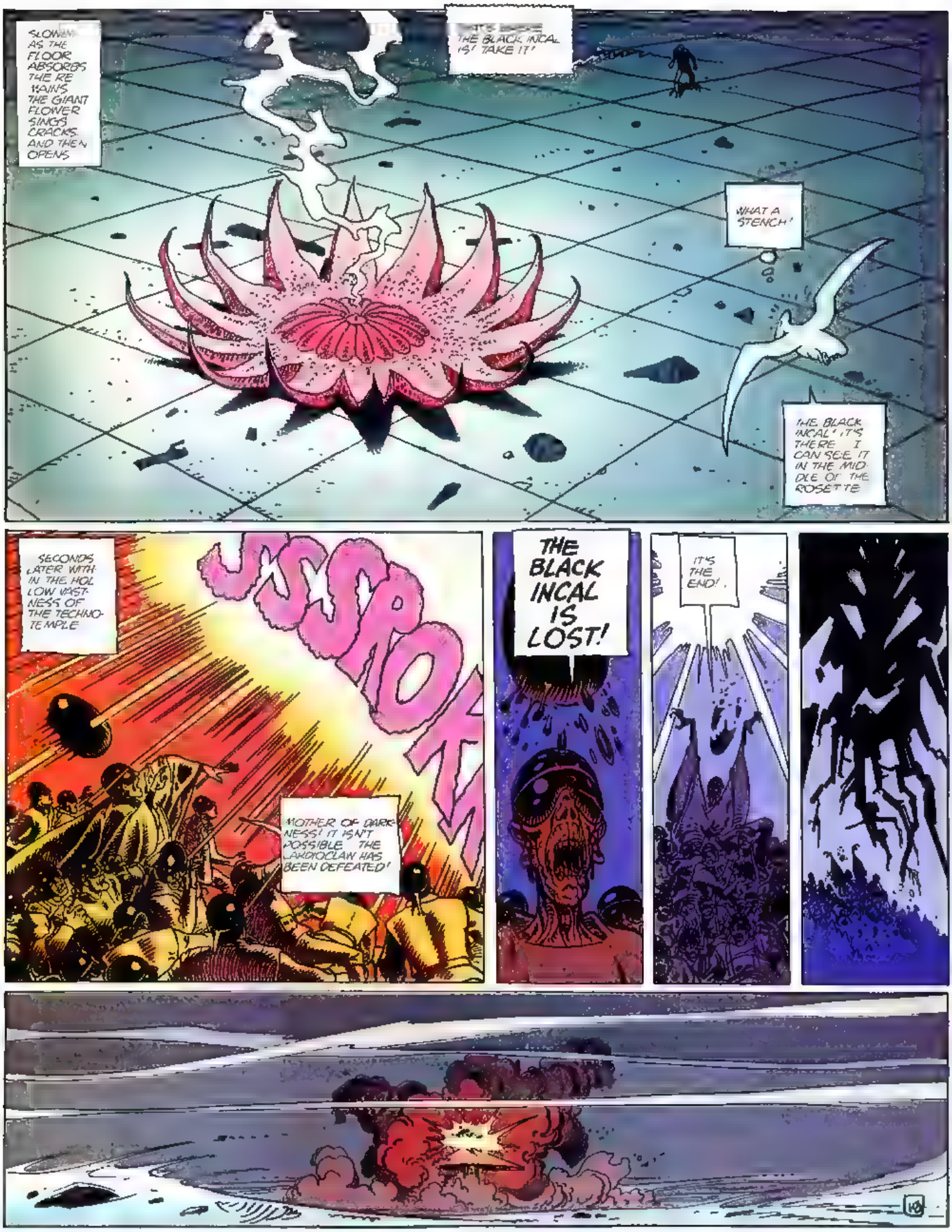
THE INCAL LIGHT

ANIMAH!

JOHN DIFOOL HAS MANAGED TO ESCAPE TECHNO-DISMEMBERMENT HOWEVER, HE FACES EVEN MORE SINISTER PERIL FROM THE CARDIOCLAW, THE FEARFUL GUARDIAN OF THE EXTERIOR INTERIOR

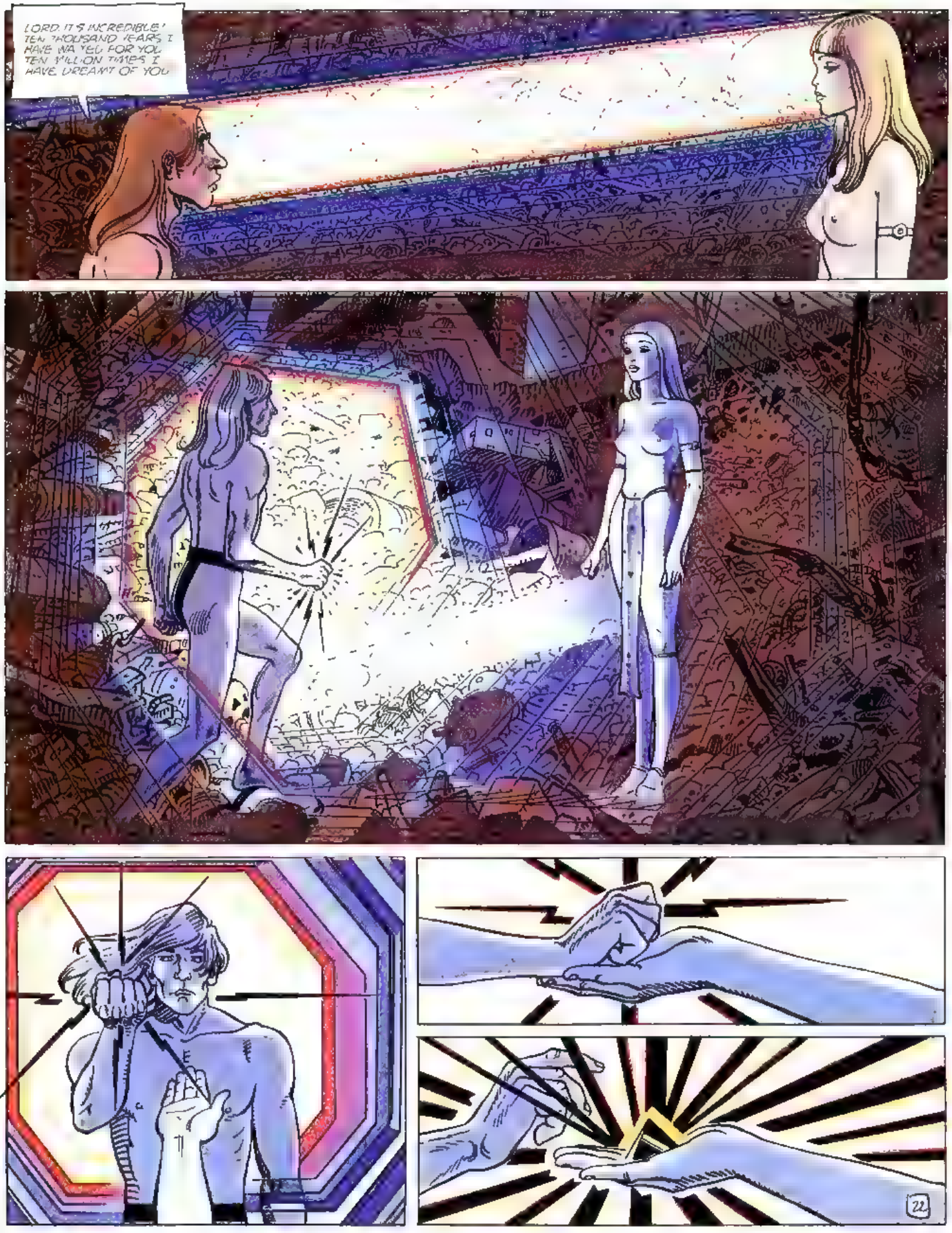
INCAL
IN INCAL! ANSWER ME
WE DON'T NEED HIM
?
WE'VE ALREADY BEATEN THEM! THE INCAL HAS CAUSED IRREVERSIBLE MUTATIONS!
GO MAN RAM THAT OVERSIZED CREAM PUFF PULVERIZE IT! WE HAVE THE POWER ON OUR SIDE!
SURE ABOUT IT?
SEIZED BY A MURDEROUS FRENZY JOHN DIFOOL IN ONE MIGHTY LEAP HURLS HIMSELF AT THE MONSTER'S HEAD
YAAARRRRRRRRRRR
YOU FILTHY NIGHTMARE, I'M GONNA TEAR YOU APART!
NO!
WHA ? I'M POWERLESS AGAINST THESE STICKY WIRES

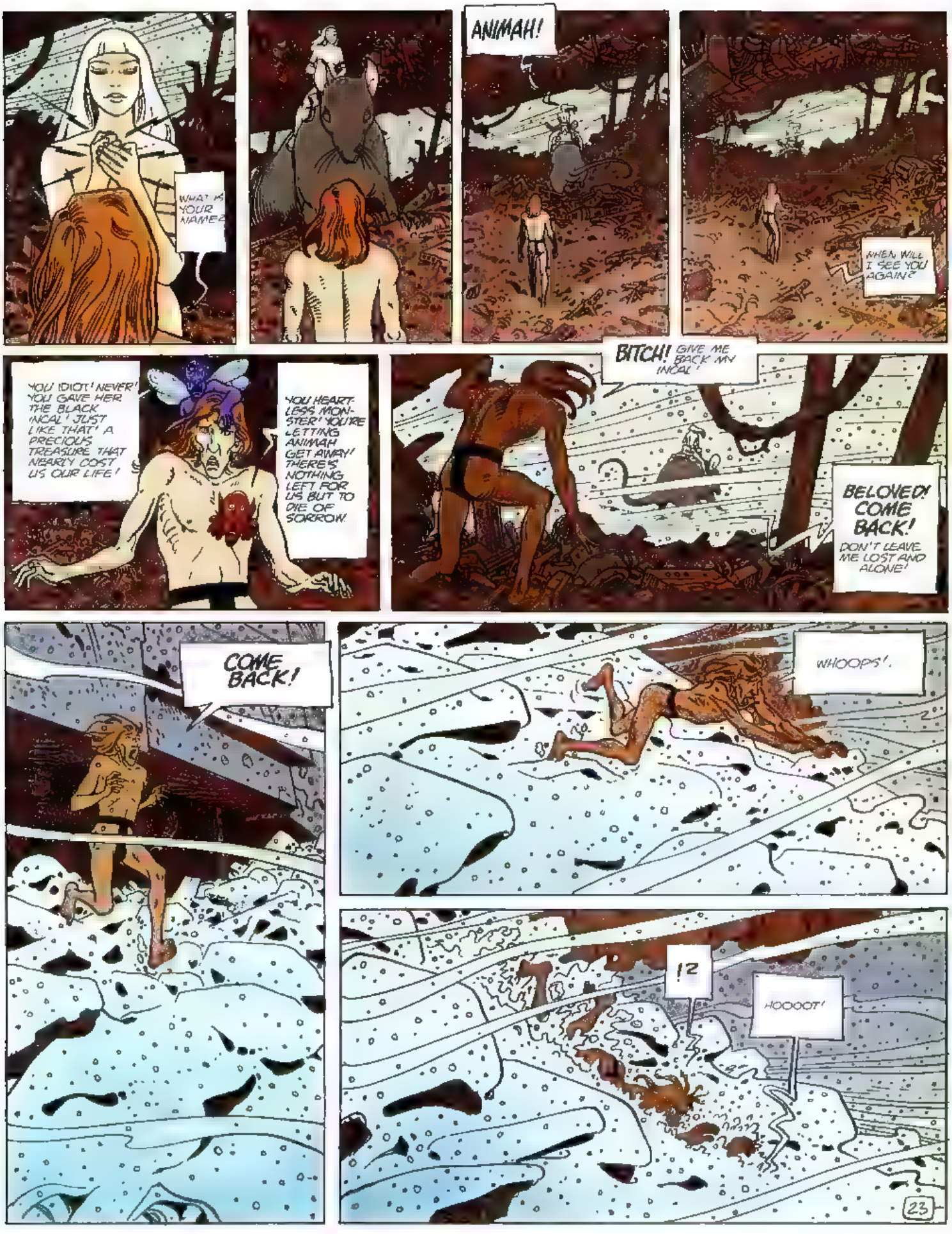

INCAL! F'R GOD'S SAKE
HAVE MERCY ON ME! HELP ME! I AM YOURS!
?!!
?!
FLMMMM!
JOHN! LOOK! THE MONSTER IT'S CHANGING!
IT'S OPEN AND
INCAL! WHAT DO I DO NOW?
GO WITHOUT TREPIDATION TO THE CENTER OF THE FLOWER
TO CENTER OF THE FLOWER

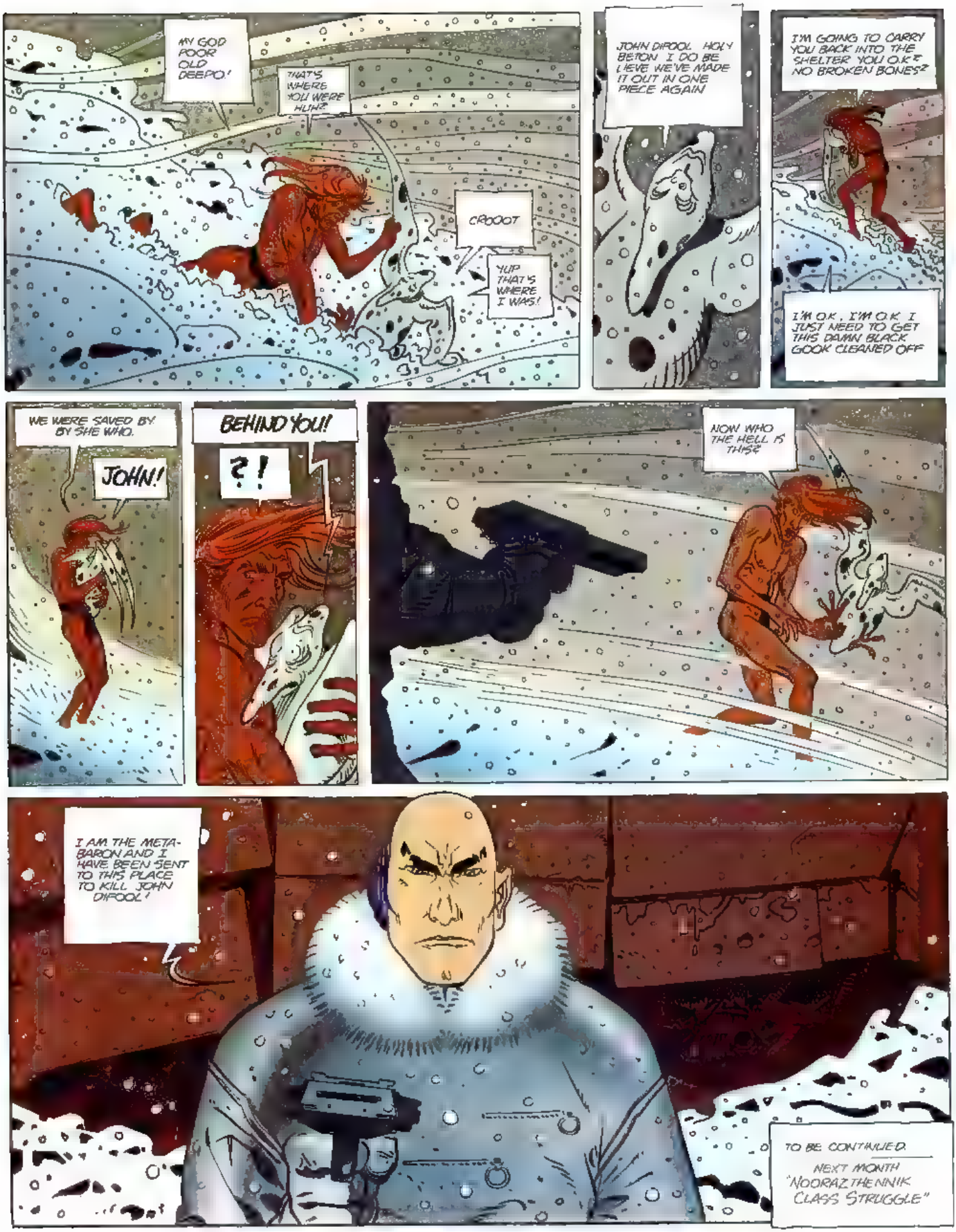

SLOWLY AS THE FLOOR ABSORBS THE RE MAINS THE GIANT FLOWER SINGS CRACKS AND THEN OPENS
[illegible] THE BLACK INCAL IS! TAKE IT!
WHAT A STENCH!
THE BLACK INCAL! IT'S THERE I CAN SEE IT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROSETTE
SECONDS LATER WITH IN THE HOL LOW VAST- NESS OF THE TECHNO- TE MPLE
SSSROK
MOTHER OF DARK- NESS! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE THE LAWOCLAW HAS BEEN DEFEATED!
THE BLACK INCAL IS LOST!
IT'S THE END!

LET ME THROUGH!
YOUR OPHIDIOUS MAJESTY! THERE HAS BEEN A DISASTER! THE TECHNOS CITADEL HAS JUST BEEN ANNIHILATED
WHAT'S THE MATTER MY GOOD LADY?
BLAZES! HOW AM I TO ENJOY MYSELF AMID THIS VERITABLE AVALANCHE OF MISHAPS! OH DARN!
RIOTS! CONSPIRACIES! BERG COMMANDOS! TREACHERY! AND NOW THE TECHNOS CITADEL GOING TOWN THE DRAIN!
AND THAT JOHN DIFOOL IS STILL ON THE LOOSE! I MUST DO SOMETHING, LEST I LOSE MY BEAUTY YES BUT DO WHAT? WHAT?
YOUR OPHIDIOUS MAJESTY I
BROOOMMMMM
CALL ME EMPEROR? I, YOUR OPHIDIOUS MAJESTY, CALL MYSELF BEING THE MASTER MASTER OF THE MULTIVERSE
CALL THAT?
MEANWHILE FAR AWAY, IN THE FREEZING, WINDSWEPT WILDERNESS

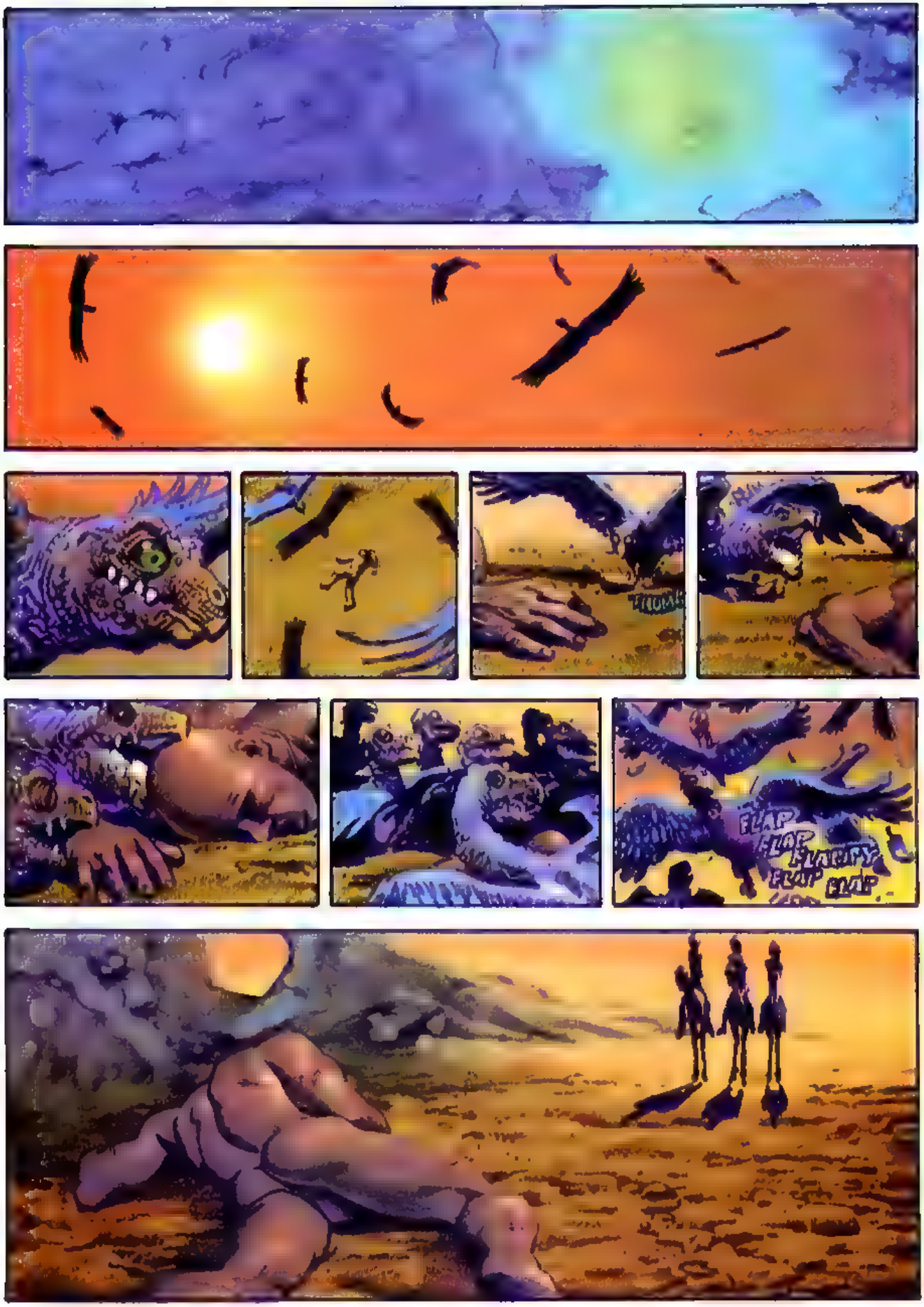
SUCCESS WAS WITHIN OUR GRASP THE PLANET THE SUN! THE THE GALAXY THE UNIVERSE! THE ALMOST ALLIANCE WITH THE DARKNESS!
IT'S IT'S HIM! ALIVE YET
THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS CALAMITY
ALL IS LOST AND IT'S YOUR FAULT! SO DIE!
THE TECHNO-POPE!
JOHN DIFOOL!
21


LORD, IT'S INCREDIBLE! TEN THOUSAND YEARS I HAVE WA'YEU FOR YOU TEN MILLION TIMES I HAVE DREAMT OF YOU
22


WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
ANIMAH!
WHEN WILL I SEE YOU AGAIN?
YOU IDIOT! NEVER! YOU GAVE HER THE BLACK INCA! JUST LIKE THAT! A PRECIOUS TREASURE THAT NEARLY COST US OUR LIFE!
YOU HEARTLESS MONSTER! YOU'RE LETTING ANIMAH GET AWAY! THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR US BUT TO DIE OF SORROW!
BITCH! GIVE ME BACK MY INCA!
BELOVED! COME BACK! DON'T LEAVE ME LOST AND ALONE!
COME BACK!
WHOOPS!.
12
HOOOOT!
23


MY GOD POOR OLD DEEPO!
THAT'S WHERE YOU WERE HUH?
CROOOT
YUP THAT'S WHERE I WAS!
JOHN DIFOOL. HOLY BETON I DO BE LIEVE WE'VE MADE IT OUT IN ONE PIECE AGAIN
I'M GOING TO CARRY YOU BACK INTO THE SHELTER YOU O.K.? NO BROKEN BONES?
I'M O.K., I'M O.K. I JUST NEED TO GET THIS DAMN BLACK GOOK CLEANED OFF
WE WERE SAVED BY BY SHE WHO.
JOHN!
BEHIND YOU!!
?!
NOW WHO THE HELL IS THIS?
I AM THE META-BARON AND I HAVE BEEN SENT TO THIS PLACE TO KILL JOHN DIFOOL!
TO BE CONTINUED.
NEXT MONTH "NOORAZ THE NNIK CLASS STRUGGLE"

DEJA II
When we last saw Tarn and Moda, they were in the presence of Jord, the leader of the Muvovum people. He was accompanied by his pet Jordella, who took an instant liking to Moda. Unfortunately, the feelings weren't mutual, and Moda threw Jordella to the ground. With that, the guards carried him off. The rest remains to be seen.

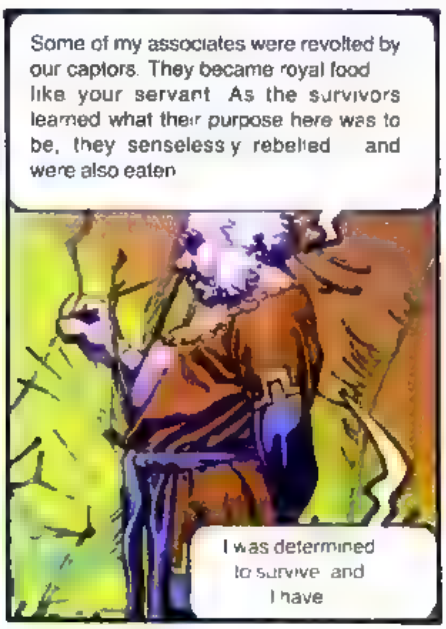

FLAP
FLAP
FLAPPY
FLAP
FLAP

Buck up, my man You're still alive Your wounds have all healed
Don't worry I don t think you'll end up like Moda. You are too smart

©

I m treated as a king, here among the Dramites They'll work themselves to death for my every whim.
I was once a rug merchant in the world outside Muvovum Then I brought a caravan through these rocky hills The Dramites captured us

You see, they need us us humans. I didn t understand then, as you don't understand now


Some of my associates were revolted by our captors. They became royal food like your servant As the survivors learned what their purpose here was to be, they senselessly rebelled and were also eaten
I was determined to survive and I have

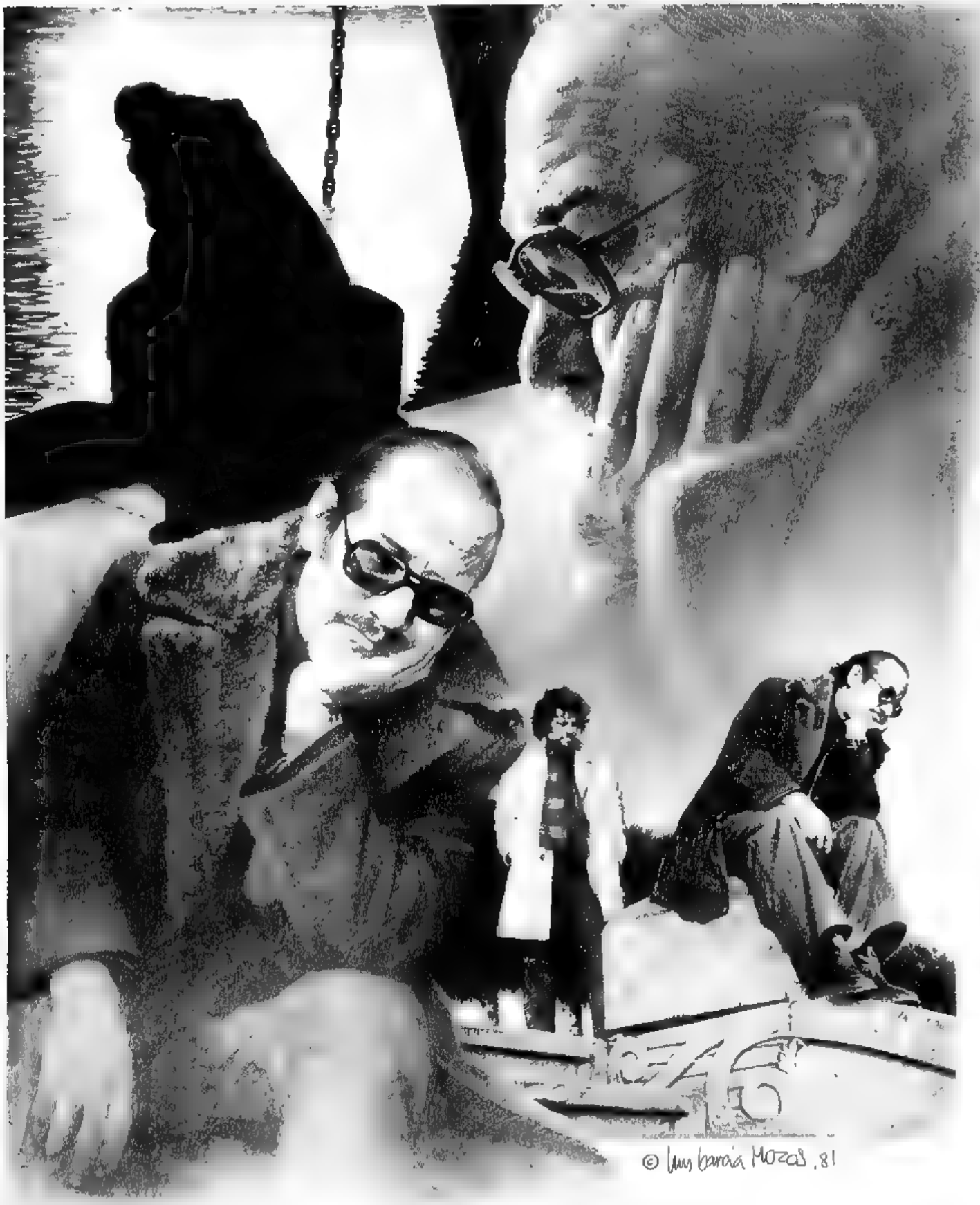
There is a secret passage from this room to the surface that is never used You could escape through it
Where is it?
Its location is written on a scrap of parchment in my robe pocket
There is only one way you'll get it from me

To be continued

NOVA 2

CHAPTER II A GUN FOR SALE

LAST ISSUE AN UNIDENTIFIED OBJECT FROM SPACE CRASHED IN THE DESERT THREE MEN OF DIVERGENT POINTS OF VIEW WERE SENT TO INVESTIGATE VICTOR RAMOS, AN ARTIST IN THE GRIP OF EMOTIONAL TURMOIL, LEFT HIS BARCELONA APARTMENT LOOKING FOR SOMETHING DEATH?

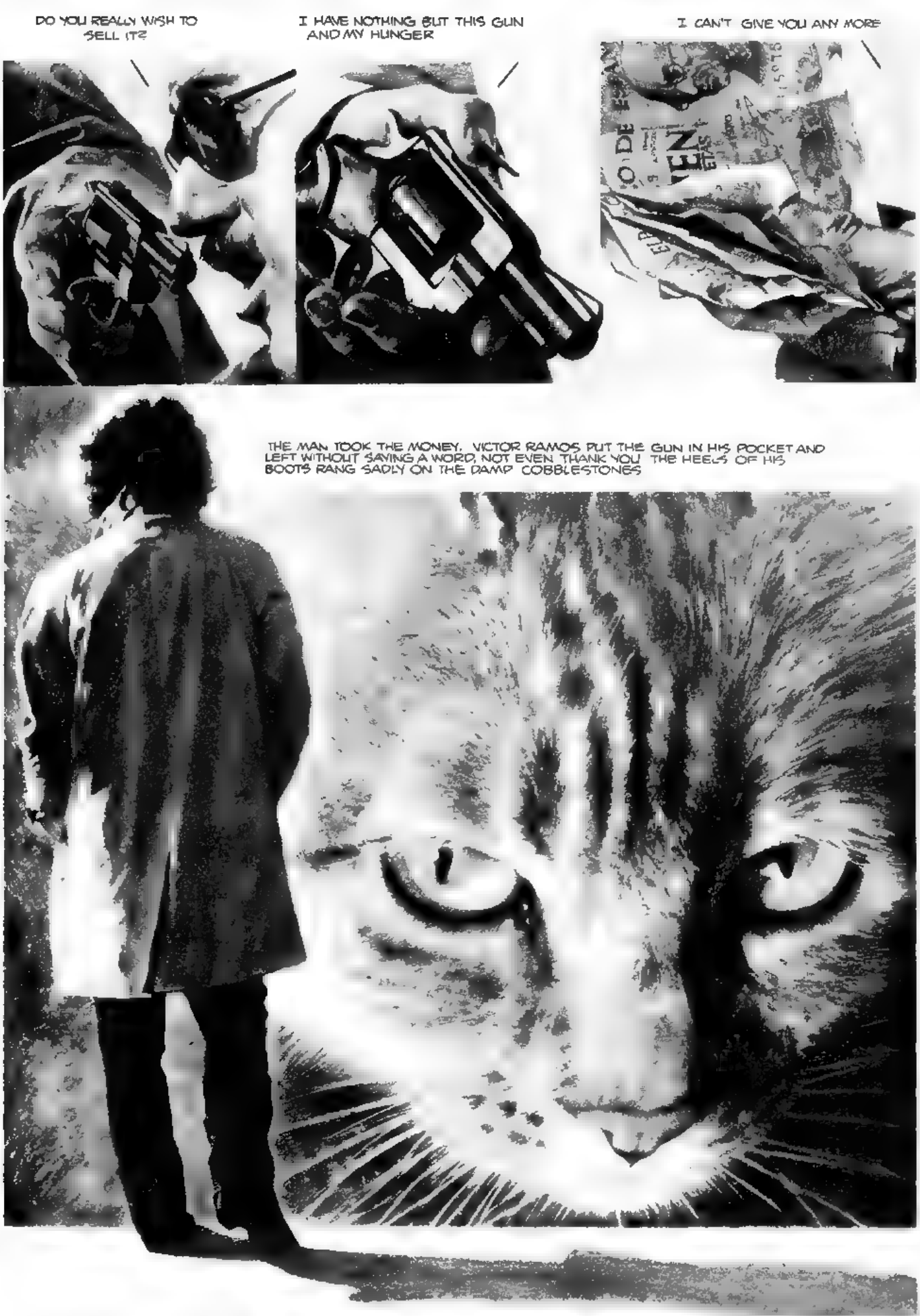


WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
OH THINKING

I ALSO THINK AT TIMES BUT ONE CANNOT EXIST ON THINKING ALONE TELL ME, CAN ONE DO NOTHING BUT THINK?

NO, ONE MUST ALSO DO SOMETHING "LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT," AND WE CAN'T AND D WORK IN THIS LIFE IT'S TERRIBLE BUT TRUE THE MAN WHOSE WORK IS TO BE AN ASSASS N, HAS TO BE THAT. DESTINY IS THAT WHICH WE CAN'T AVOID. . WE ARE LIKE PEOPLE PROGRAMMED WITH THE NECESSITY TO BE REALIZED

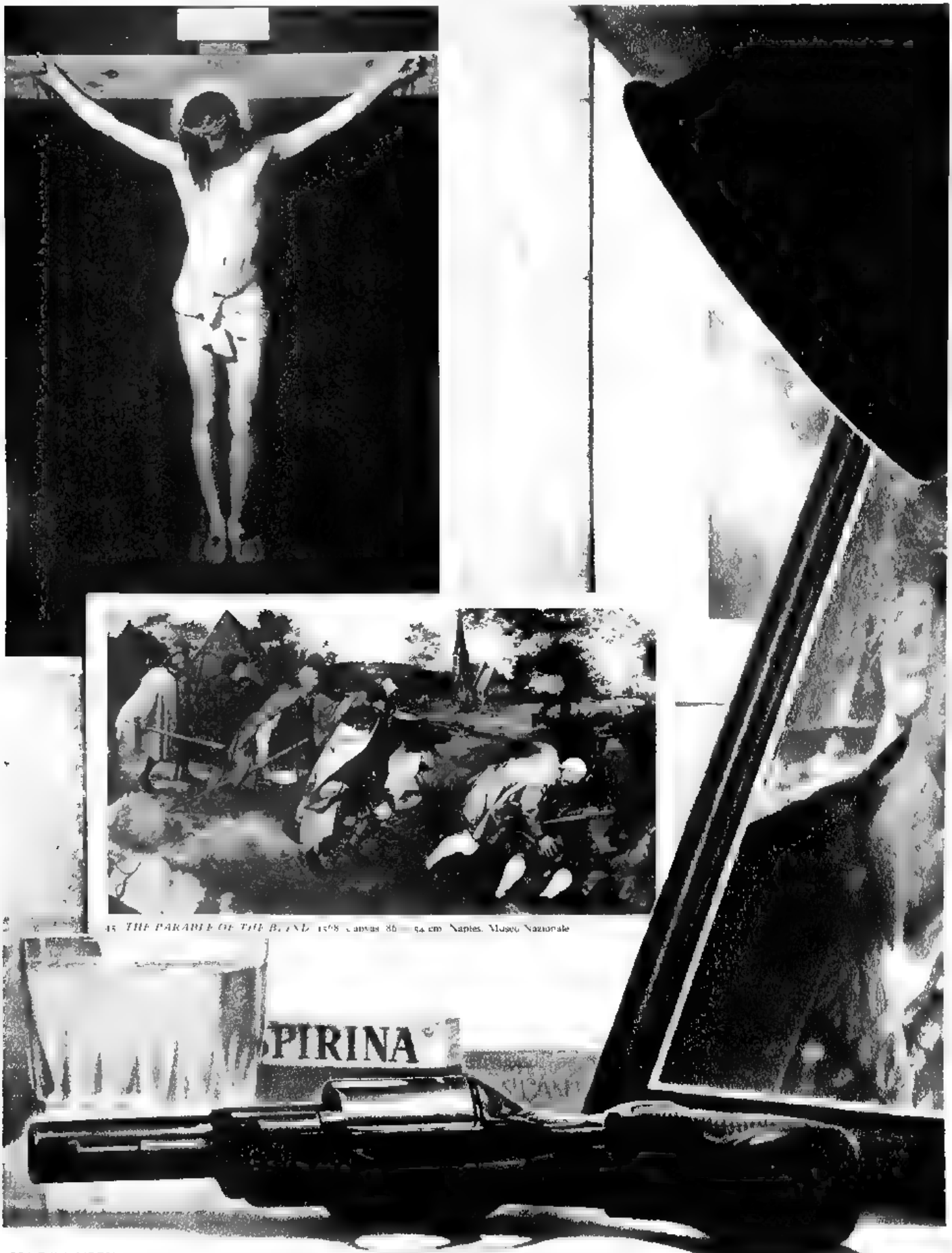
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ME ANSWER ME THIS IF SOMEONE COMES TO YOU FOR HELP AND YOU HAVE NOTHING MORE TO GIVE HIM THAN THIS GUN AND NO OTHER SOLUTION TO HIS PROBLEMS THAN TO SHOOT HIMSELF IN THE MOUTH AND TO SELL THIS GUN TO HIM WOULD FREE YOU FROM HUNGER WHAT WOULD YOU DO?


DO YOU REALLY WISH TO SELL IT?
I HAVE NOTHING BUT THIS GUN AND MY HUNGER
I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANY MORE
THE MAN TOOK THE MONEY. VICTOR RAMOS PUT THE GUN IN HIS POCKET AND LEFT WITHOUT SAYING A WORD, NOT EVEN THANK YOU THE HEELS OF HIS BOOTS RANG SADLY ON THE DAMP COBBLESTONES

L. García Mozos-81.

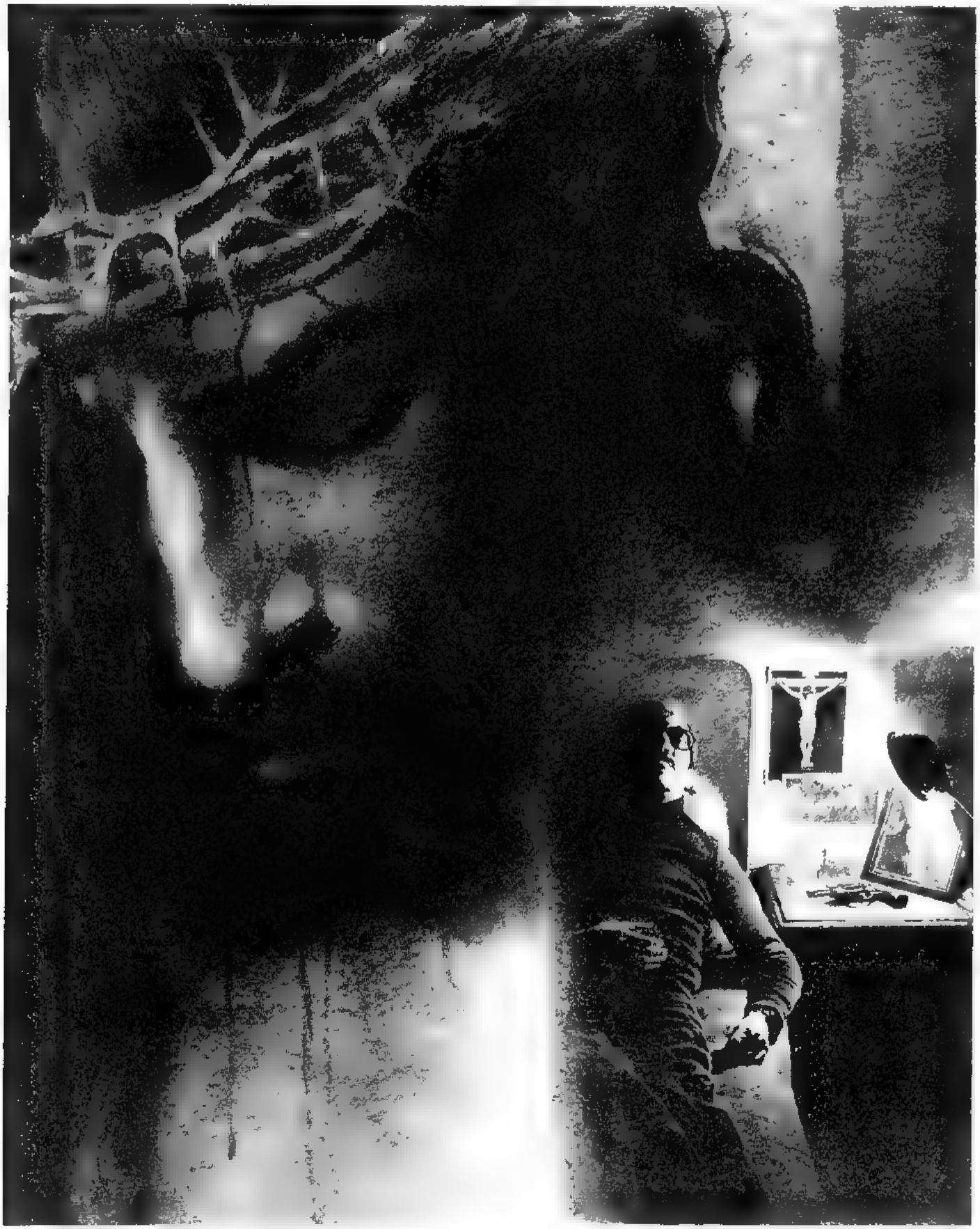
ALTHOUGH VICTOR RAMOS HAD ENDEAVORED NOT TO THINK OF IT THAT MORNING'S IMPULSIVE PURCHASE LEFT HIM FEELING DISTURBED. THAT NIGHT AFTER A DAY AS HORRIBLE AS ALL THE REST, DRAWING THE *ROMANCE* COMIC THAT HE HAD WORKED ON DAY IN, DAY OUT FOR 22 YEARS, HE TOOK THE GUN FROM THE BOTTOM OF HIS COAT POCKET, HOLDING IT IN HIS HAND. HE WONDERED ODD THAT CERTAINLY AN ENEMY HAD ENTERED HIS HOUSE. HE FELT LIKE THROWING HIMSELF FROM THE WINDOW.

HE PUT THE GUN ON THE NIGHT TABLE WITH N THE CIRCLE OF YELLOW LIGHT



45. *THE PARABLE OF THE BLIND* 1568 Canvas 86 — 84 cm Naples, Museo Nazionale

HE HATED HIS APARTMENT DIRTY, DISORDERED AND STINKING FROM THE URINE OF HIS CAT. BUT A FAR WORSE ENEMY WAS THE REPRODUCTION OF VELASQUEZ'S 'CHRIST'. LOOKING AT IT WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE ALL OF HIS DESIRES DO SOMETHING. HE WISHED THAT EVERY LONGING HE HAD FELT TO CREATE A MASTERPIECE, WOULD DISAPPEAR FOR AN ENTIRE DAY.



T AT NIGHT AFTER ALL THE TV PROGRAMMING HAD ENDED-HE BEGAN TO TH NK, AS SLEEP SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE HOW MANY BOOKS ARE THOUGHT OUT BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 2 AND 5? HOW MANY PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEMS HATCHED WHILE THE HEAD IS ON THE PILLOW? HOW MANY BODIES ARE EMBRACED IN THE IMAGINATION? HOW MANY FANTASIES DREAMED WITH CLOSED EYES

NSOMN A WAS ST MU.ATING TO HIM HIS UNREALIZED WORKS FELL INTO PLACE BEFORE HIM, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT PRESERVED ART.FICIALLY N H.S MEMORY L KE DREAMS

BUT THAT NIGHT THE POINT OF DEPARTURE WAS THE GUN

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

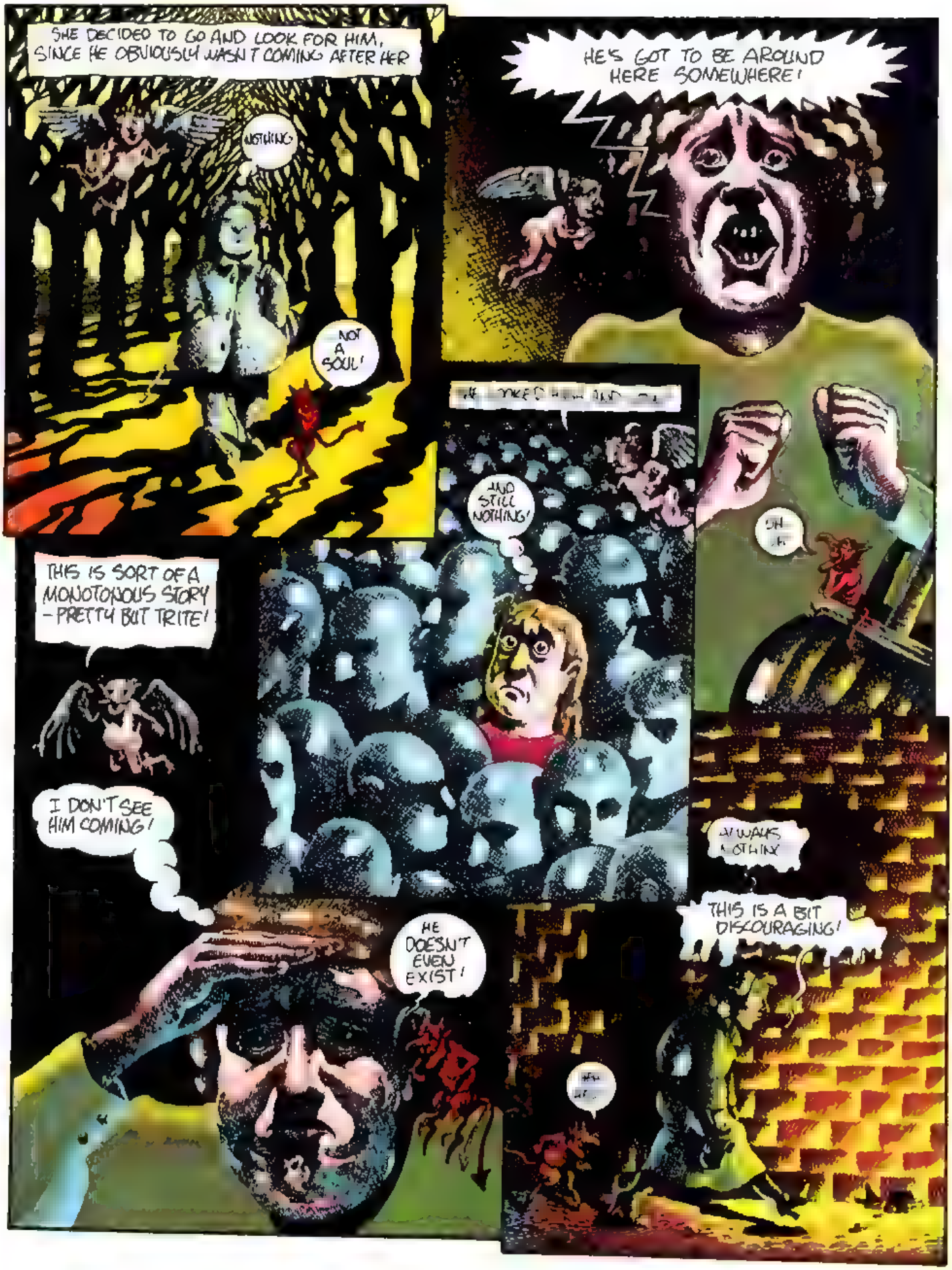
Prince Charming and a Very Patient Young Lady

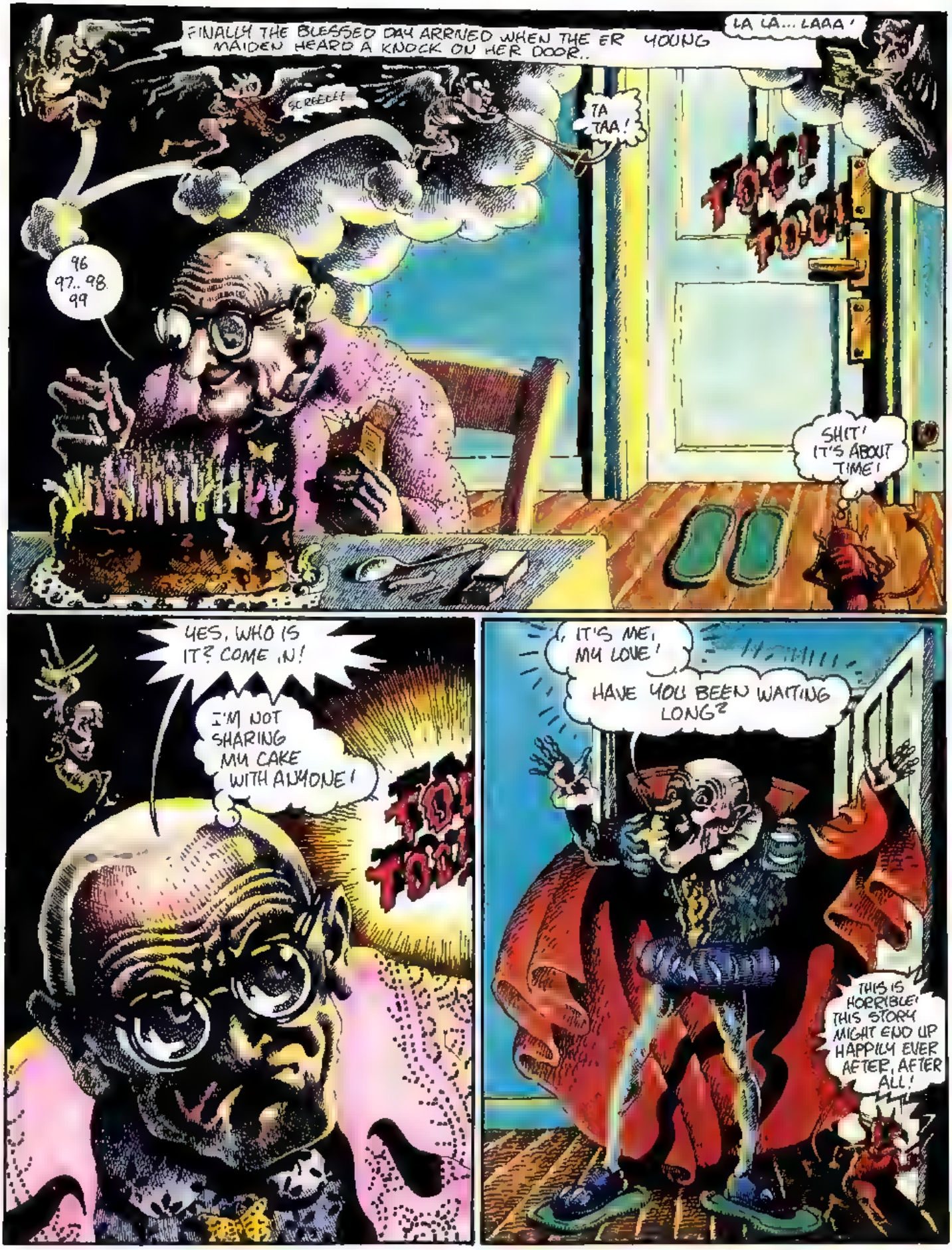
BY NICOLE CLAVELOUX

WHEN SHE WAS BUT A TODDLER THE YOUNG GIRL KNEW THAT SHE WAS DESTINED TO MEET PRINCE CHARMING
BILL '
SHE WAITED AND WAITED FOR THE DAY SHE KNEW HER PRINCE WOULD COME ..
BARELY A TEEN, SHE CONTINUED TO WAIT AFTER ALL WASN'T A PRINCE CHARMING WORTH A BIT OF TEDIUM?

COLOR BRUCE PATTERSON

SHE WAITED WITH PERSEVERANCE
AND SHE WAITED AND WAITED
AND WHEN SHE GREW A BIT IMPATIENT
TIME IS FLYING BY. CAN'T YOU SEE THAT?
TIC TIC TIC TIC
HA! HA! HA! HE'LL NEVER COME!
HA! HA! HA! WHAT A FOOL!


SHE DECIDED TO GO AND LOOK FOR HIM, SINCE HE OBVIOUSLY WASN'T COMING AFTER HER
NOTHING!
NOT A SOUL!
HE'S GOT TO BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!
AND STILL NOTHING!
OH
IT WALKS NOTHING
THIS IS A BIT DISCOURAGING!
THIS IS SORT OF A MONOTONOUS STORY - PRETTY BUT TRITE!
I DON'T SEE HIM COMING!
HE DOESN'T EVEN EXIST!


FINALLY THE BLESSED DAY ARRIVED WHEN THE ER YOUNG MAIDEN HEARD A KNOCK ON HER DOOR..
LA LA... LAAA!
SCREECH
TA TAA!
TOC! TOC!
96 97.. 98 99
SHIT! IT'S ABOUT TIME!
YES, WHO IS IT? COME IN!
I'M NOT SHARING MY CAKE WITH ANYONE!
IT'S ME, MY LOVE!
HAVE YOU BEEN WAITING LONG?
THIS IS HORRIBLE! THIS STORY MIGHT END UP HAPPILY EVER AFTER, AFTER ALL!

WHO ARE YOUZ
BUT... 'TIS I!
..YOU WHOZ
WHY, YOUR PRINCE CHARMING OF COURSE!
'TIS HIM!
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
AND WITH THAT (HOW MUCH CAN A GIRL TAKE?)
SHE KEELED OVER.. BUT WITH A VERY BROAD SMILE ON HER FACE!
?!!
FIN

MORAL TO THIS SAD TALE—A PRINCE IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.

J. G. BALLARD:
VISIONARY OF THE APOCALYPSE

by Toby Goldstein

I.

British Rail's cavernous Waterloo Station hummed with the atonal robotic chatter of brake screeches, engine hisses and human holiday babble. An issue of British *Penthouse*, reading material for the forty-minute journey from London to Shepperton, portrayed James Graham Ballard broad-grinned behind a smashed windshield. I pulled out the relevant pages and deposited the rest of the mag on a seat at the opposite end of the rail car. An unsavory-looking young man picked it up and studied the girlie photos meaningfully. As we rode, the rusting corridors of South London council flats merged into the well-watered playing fields of Wimbledon, then to Shepperton's neat suburban rear gardens and cheerful, red-brick homes.

Writer Ballard lives in a placid London suburb called Shepperton, but his daily concerns comprise a far greater scenery. I stumbled across my first Ballard tale almost fifteen years ago and have noted the consistent accuracy of his internally catastrophic world view since that time. "For the last thirty years we have been living in J. G. Ballard's world," wrote David Pringle and James Goddard, frequent Ballard critiquers. I set out to explore the topography of his landscape.

II

Today's headlines deliver a diet of riots and mayhem. The six o'clock news recites its daily litany of rape, murder, accident and international brinkmanship as if it were some contemporary catalogue of sins. Moral arbiters in the United States and Europe attempt to impose rigidity upon free thought and action, and have by doing so increased the tensions which result in internalized violence. Certain Americans demand "right to life" and the death penalty, both in God's name, and certain Britons follow a hate cult called "Oi," in the name of patriotism. Others stick their heads in the sand. As in every terminal society, more than a few eat, dress up, and are merry.

Since the mid 1950s, Ballard, an author of *speculative fiction* (not "science fiction"), has been interpreting the psychological unrest pervading our society in concise, extreme language. He writes of violence beyond comprehension, that which possesses strength to buckle a concrete sidewalk, shatter safety glass, pulverize a windshield. Ballard has been called, along with Jean Genet and William S. Burroughs, one of punk's major literary figures. He has inspired brilliantly reckless performers like Suicide, Joy Division, and The Normal aka Daniel Miller — composer of a paean to Ballard's apocalyptic novel *Crash* called "Warm Leatherette." Ballard's words are adapted by artists who stroke violence and transform it into ecstasy.

In America, J. G. Ballard is little known by the general science-

Illustration by Alexandra Allinne

fiction community, never mind the average reader. Yet upon discovery of his work, one gains the awareness of having opened some new "door of perception." His fixations with technological overload, impersonal compulsive sex, and self-destructed societies speak to the heart of twentieth-century malaise. It is no great distance from reading about arson for profit to understanding Ballard's novel *High Rise*, in which the inhabitants of a plush skyscraper compellingly revert to savagery

III

There were no motorcycles wrapped around lamp posts, no crushed kiddies bleeding in the streets, and no black leather wallpaper in Ballard's comfortably cluttered house. Ballard, who at fifty-one resembles your favorite balding uncle, is used to the disappointment of first-time visitors. "I feel like I should be on a twelve lane turnpike for them, and a huge interchange, instead of this little quiet suburban street with its happy children and pretty gardens . . .it ought to be covered with a miasma of drugs, violence, and child molesting." Contrast is spice for the senses.

J. G. Ballard's relationship with modern traumas seems to follow directly from his rather unusual upbringing. Born in Shanghai, Ballard was interned with his family in a civilian prison camp by the Japanese during World War II. In 1946, he moved to England, where he studied medicine at Cambridge, worked as a copywriter, a Covent Garden porter, and an R. A. F. pilot until he was able to write full-time, in the early 1960s. At some time, Ballard was involved in a very serious auto accident whose details would obsess him in his most apocalyptic work, *Crash*.

From the time he first started writing "science fiction," Ballard never stressed the medium's conventional themes of bug-eyed monsters and invaders from Out There. Like Ray Bradbury and Richard Matheson, whom he admires, Ballard preferred to discuss humankind's inner visions and document our love-hate relationship with technology. Ballard's early novels *The Drought* and *The Drowned World* terminally altered the planet, while his heroes were as fascinated as they were repelled with the prospect of their doom.

The title tale of his second short-story collection, "The Voices of Time," introduced an early recurrent theme—Eniwetok, an original location of atomic Armageddon. As Peter Nicholls wrote in the British science-fiction journal *Foundation*, "From the beginning, Ballard's theme has been alienation, obsession, and entropy."

IV

With the arrival of the mid-sixties mental/physical/social/moral revolution, J. G. Ballard adjusted his milieu to pit so-called civilized invention against primeval ego needs. The personal apocalypse had begun. As people were more and more bound to their machines, they expressed outrage through the apparatus. Marshal McLuhan wrote of "tribal man," and Ballard's post-sixties creatures were elemental and extreme.

Says Ballard, "Everything happened during the sixties. The Kennedy assassination was the key event, the catalyst that got it all moving. Thanks to TV, mass communications, and all the rest, you got strange overlaps between the assassinations *and* Vietnam *and* the space race *and* the youth pop explosion *and* psychedelia and the drug culture. It was like a huge amusement park going out of control. And I thought, well, there's no point in writing about the future. The future's here. The present has annexed the future onto itself." McLuhan prophesied that technology was to become the future "extension of man," and Ballard documented what happened when nirvana short-circuited.

In a collection of narrative essays called *The Atrocity Exhibition*, Ballard threw himself fully into his love-hate relationship with modern technology. The book became a blueprint for his major works of the 1970s: *Crash*, *Concrete Island*, and *High Rise*. On the surface, *Atrocity* follows a deranged doctor as he reconstructs his death-wish dreams in living tableaux. Its centerpieces are a headless Elizabeth Taylor, a limbless Jackie Kennedy. Fundamentally, Ballard is altering our awareness of contemporary icons by subjecting them to a net of death, destruction, and inescapable, overwhelming sex.

Ballard shifts his protagonist's name every few sequences, transforming Talbot-Travers-Talbis into a modern Everyman. He creates a pilgrim who seeks the light of truth in the scrambled grillwork of a crushed Pontiac. Via his character, Ballard states that psychosis is normal, especially when broadcast through the wounds of napalmed Vietnamese and auto-crash victims. Ballard's highway to heaven is paved with billboards blaring Jayne Mansfield and John F. Kennedy's death ecstasies. He reinterprets the JFK assassination as a high-speed auto race. The President's widow survives as the ultimate technosexual symbol.

Almost fifteen years before Ronald Reagan would be elected president, Ballard incisively analyzed Reagan's personality in an essay, "Why I Want to Fuck Ronald Reagan," in which he wrote, "During these assassination fantasies/Talbis became increasingly obsessed/With the pudenda of the Presidential contender/mediated to him by a thousand television screens./The motion picture studies of Ronald Reagan/created a scenario of the conceptual orgasm/a unique ontology of violence and disaster." Do you suppose Hinckley read it?

The work outraged America's conservative literary establishment, and *Atrocity* was immediately suppressed. Doubleday pulped its entire press run while Ballard's editor was at lunch. After a second publisher, Dutton, backed off from the book, Grove Press published the volume, but—in an obvious play for the early 1970s market—called it *Love and Napalm: Export U.S.A.* That title was conceptually misleading. Ballard's re-creation of the napalmed Vietnamese was only one contemporary archetype introduced in *Atrocity*. His four-wheeled mushroom cloud that haunted the highways was a much more pervasive death image. Ballard got that message across when he staged an actual exhibition of crashed cars.

"It occurred to me, when I started thinking about *Crash*, that I ought to put on a show of crashed cars to test my hypothesis, and I mounted the show as a fine-arts collection of sculpture. I had an opening night and invited all the art critics and media people. I laid on a lot of wine. And although it appeared to be a gallery opening, I was really setting up a confrontation.

"I've never seen people get so drunk so quickly. Admittedly, I probably went over the top, because I had a closed-circuit television system, and I hired a topless girl to interview people on TV among the cars. It was obviously too much for the girl, because she originally agreed to come nude and when she saw the cars she suddenly said she would only go topless. It was too much for the people who watched themselves being interviewed—the girl was nearly raped in the back of a Pontiac.

"While the cars remained on show, they were repeatedly attacked. There was an enormous latent hostility released, a whole range of ambiguous emotions that surprised me."

V.

No one is very comfortable admitting to this truth, but in the United States, the automobile is our most obvious sexual extension. Small men become motivated by high-octane machines, while the notion of a "family car" removes the immediate lure of sex in the backseat. Wrote famed French linguist Roland Barthes, anticipating Ballard's stage event and the responses it provoked, "In the exhibition halls, the car on show is explored with an intense, amorous studiousness; it is the great tactile phase of discovering, the moment when visual wonder is about to receive the reasoned assault of touch. . .The bodywork, the lines of union are touched, the upholstery palpated, the seats tried, the doors caressed, the cushions fondled; before the wheel, one pretends to drive with one's whole body.

It is not a long journey from psychological identification with the automobile to becoming pathologically obsessed with it, as *Crash*, Ballard's next book, would layer in loving detail. "The layout of the instrument panel, like the profile of the steering wheel bruised into my chest, was inset on my knees and shin bones. The impact of the second collision between my body and the interior compartment of the car was defined in those wounds, like the contours of a woman's body remembered in the responding pressure of one's own skin for a few hours after the sexual act."

Crash makes people nervous. Its characters derive their greatest

You're about to see the transformation of the home to a TV studio, in which we're each the star, director, scriptwriter, and audience of our own continuing movies.

sexual justification in the environment of broken limbs and streaming body fluids—auto accident as ultimate ecstasy. By naming the book's protagonist Ballard, its author meant to convey a deeply elemental truth.

"I wanted to anchor the book as much in reality, and to write the book I needed to identify myself totally with the narrator. And I thought, as the narrator is in effect me, I may as well call him myself. I may as well be an imaginary version of myself.

"In writing books like *Crash* or *The Atrocity Exhibition* or *High Rise*, I was exploring myself, using myself as the laboratory animal, as it were, probing around. I had to take the top off my skull when I was writing *Crash* and start touching pain and pleasure centers to see what happened. Now I can distance myself from the book and see it as a cautionary tale.

No doubt as much for its close-to-the-bone technological frenzy as for its surfeit of sex and violence, *Crash* was condemned as pornographic in the U.S., but in France, the book was a huge success, and eventually a film of the book (as yet unreleased) was made in that country. However, Ballard has received some, shall we say, unusual letters from Americans concerning *Crash*. He regrets tossing them into the rubbish.

"I've had some extraordinary mail, particularly from Los Angeles. (Are you surprised?) Things like sadomasochistic erotic fantasies. Letters that start straightforward, which soon get into a zone of 'as I ride my bike,' which I assume means a motorbike with enough power to go into orbit, 'I think of *Crash*.' All these letters adopt a sort of lyrical death tone and they all culminate in some horrendous accident image. 'As I read your book I stroke my wounds' kind of stuff. I thought, God almighty! I hope this is confined to a very small number of people. I wouldn't want to cause any accidents on your beautiful highways!' Why don't we do it in the road.

Concrete Island, the follow-up to *Crash*, was more of a subtext for that book, describing what befell a man trapped between the two whizzing directionals of a huge motorway. In *High Rise*, the final volume of Ballard's high-tech years, he moved indoors and painstakingly detailed the decline of civilization with a middle-class multistory apartment block. Just like yours.

Ballard could have taken the easy way out with *High Rise* by setting it in a British council block (like our public housing), considering the frequency with which those inhabitants rebel against their dwellings. More to his point was documenting the processes that would cause a well-off twentieth-century community to unravel. Punk was originally a frustrated middle-class movement.

High Rise was an astonishingly accurate forecaster of European disaffection. While the most recent British riots have pitted the least-advantaged against the status quo, Ballard had read in a paper of European nihilists who stemmed from placid suburban towns. "A lot of the developments I describe, the alienating effects of modern technology, I see are becoming more and more apparent. Whatever implicit prophecies there are seem to be coming true in a frightening way. In France there were some violent riots that were almost a ritualized armed combat between the police and a group called The Independents [a close translation].

"The reporter said, 'These are not the working class, these aren't the proletariat of the Ballard-Burgess *High Rise* thing, but many of these are middle-class children of respectable families who come in from the suburbs.' Well, I thought, that guy can give my book a plug, but he actually hadn't read it because the whole point of *High Rise* is that the tenant's block are themselves middle-class. You can see it in the Baader-Meinhof gang in Germany. I sometimes wonder how much real political motivation those people had. I made a long trip to Germany several years ago. It's a very strange place.

"If I have to make a guess, I'd say the future was going to be like a suburb of Düsseldorf. The whole of Germany is like an enormous well-heeled housing estate. There are all these immaculate, brand-new suburban houses in nicely wooded suburbs: every house has got a boat and a BMW in the drive. The schools are built according to the most advanced thinking about what a school should be like; there are recreation aids and sports facilities. Even a drifting leaf looks like it's got too much freedom. And this all adds up to the death of the soul in the whole place. There's a desperation just waiting to be born there. If you live in a totally civilized society, madness is the only way you can express your own freedom!"

The madness of *High Rise*'s luxury tenants becomes a normal way of life for them, just as our cities foster the breakdown of civilized behavior behind a mannerly façade.

"I'm not interested in the street crime," continues Ballard. "I'm interested in the communications landscape, where your responses to violence are on a much more conceptual level. The danger lies in ambiguous responses, where one doesn't know one's own moral direction. How should you, as a responsible and moral human being, react at a Grand Prix when there's a big pileup and cars start exploding all over the track? Should you enjoy it? Should you give in to the thrills and excitement?

"Then, if its okay to enjoy that sort of stylized violence, what happens when on the TV after the commercial break, you're getting newsreels from the latest war? Are you allowed to enjoy those? There's a whole new moral system to contend with."

VI.

Last year, Ballard moved from the obsessive technological standpoint toward considering fantasy in a post-technological society. *The Unlimited Dream Company*, whose hero, Blake, literally flies over earthly matters and transforms a town into birdlike freed creatures, implies the possibility of happiness stemming from one's inner landscape. Like his destructo-trilogy, *Dream Company* is located in Ballard's familiar territory of suburban London, but its implications of freedom without a chaotic termination are completely new.

Ballard does not name all his heroes idly. William Blake was an eighteenth-century writer and artist whose detailed, finely colored drawings transformed mythological prophecies into awesome visions. His beatific poetry described the transmogrification of earthly matter into transcendent spirit. Ballard's Blake operates as if he were the poet-painter incarnate in fantasy fiction, relishing the "fearful symmetry" of the townspeople as they transmute themselves to bright birds in their dreams.

Perhaps it is for the best that Ballard's most recent work, a short novel entitled *Hello America*, is unlikely to be issued in this country. Although it is written with Ballard's gift for elemental portrait, its theme of a future America, covered in sand because of some ecological cataclysm, reverts to Ballard's early books. But instead of simply retracing past landscapes, the novel abandons Ballard's mastery of complex, internal catastrophe for the far easier imposition of technology, a convenient outside force. The writer does this not just in the plot structure but actually in the novel's very form. With any luck he is just taking comfort in the familiarity of the past, before reckoning with the awesome probabilities of the near future.

Says Ballard, "A lot of my prophecies about the alienated society are going to come true. Given the physical expansion of the world's economy slowing down, I think the only area of future expansion is going to be into one's own head. You're about to see the transformation of the home to a TV studio, in which we're each the star, director, scriptwriter, and audience of our own continuing movies.

"Everybody's going to be starring in their own porno films as an extension of the Polaroid camera. Electronic aids, particularly domestic computers, will help the inner migration, the opting out of reality. Reality is no longer going to be the stuff *out there*, but the stuff inside your head.

"It's going to be commercial and nasty at the same time, like 'Rite of Spring' in Disney's *Fantasia*. One's going to need educated feet to get out of the way. In the past, one could invoke 'sympathy for the devil' with fancy footwork, but in future times, our internal devils and angels may simultaneously destroy and renew us through the technological overload we have invoked. J. G. Ballard will chronicle the passage.

EDITORIAL

continued from page 4

East 11th Street deep in Lower Manhattan. They cope with conditions which even by present New York standards would seem near-calamitous. Yet, these people live, love, and die in much the same manner as we or someone we know now do. Between criminalized paternity and desensitized homicide (committed to obtain body parts for the organ transplant market), life is trivialized by a society terminally in decay. But through this series of intertwined vignettes, it soon becomes clear that although the details seem frightfully severe to us, to people who have read science fiction fifty years ago, the conditions in our time might seem as equally severe and near-calamitous.

What Disch achieves through *334* is a phenomenal sleight of hand. The people of this future reflect how we all survive however grim the situation, somehow tidying up our lives into an acceptable order; the novel also fatalistically implies that no matter how hard we try, sustained decay continues. The very act of describing this future world where people remarkably act *unremarkably* emphasizes that the very order of our world today could appear as either utopia or dystopia according to the relative point of view. This revelation could not have been so clearly illuminated in any other form but science fiction.

Quality science fiction places us at a distance from the individual man in his particular situation so that we can see man-as-a-whole responding to laws (according to the particular author's viewpoint) which govern him as a species.

And therein lies the problem for SF internally and with the mainstream critics at large. While it distances us from man-the-individual to see man-the-idea, such literature of ideas seems to alienate us from the function of fiction itself. Fiction in general isn't merely supposed to solve problems or entertain but somehow to illuminate or at least identify (though not necessarily clarify) the ambiguities which make us human. SF actually redefines the way literature identifies the ambiguities which connect us.

Though the era of the novel of manners, the confessional book, is hardly at an end, the quality of science-fiction novel or at least the best of those which merges with literary overachievers such as William S. Burroughs and Italo Calvino —will continue to forge a truly anthropological literature. Even though the SF fan committees will continue to voice justifications for its own ghettohood, such narcissistic needs must be put aside in favor of the larger vision inherent in science fiction itself. If SF is to function and enlighten it must be free of the shackles of its own overprotective fans.

—Brad Balfour

CHAIN MAIL

Dear *Heavy Metal*:

I love *HM*! It's a shining light in my life, and I hope it never ends. It's a place where one can live out his internal emotions of violence, sexual erotica and surreal fantasies, all in a harmless, controlled form (better to dream of killing than to actually do it!).

Why are most of your contributing artists' names too hard to pronounce? (*'Cause most of 'em are foreigners. ls*) Aside from Corben, my other faves are a bitch to say: Moebius, Druillet, Bilal, Suydam. How do I know if I'm saying them right?

The articles are good, too (changes mean progress, and that's good). Thanks to Lou Stathis for turning me on to some great 'wave' music—Ultravox, XTC, etc. (*Shucks—ls*).

Keep up the good work, HM!

Ric Masek
Cicero, Ill.

P S. If Giger is the devil, then Dali is God.

Does that make Andy Warhol Lot's wife?—ls

Dear Guys:

Yes. I liked the movie. Is the Elliott Murphy who writes the occasional column for you the Elliott Murphy who released *Night Lights* in '76? Love that album. Always wondered what happened to that Elliott.

Do you guys really need to run shit and trash like "Outland?" Where is Tex? Ms. Harry never looked better! Thanks for giving us Mr. Stathis again (all that alliteration just may give me a headache, but I like his opinions—has he ever heard of Peter Hammill?).

Dorothy Butcher
Vancouver, Canada

Taking yer questions one at a time: 1) Same Elliott Murphy. I prefer Aquashow *from '73, myself. You might like to get a copy of his latest,* Affairs *(Courtisane), which ain't bad, either. 2) No, we don't need to run shit and trash, but sometimes it seems like a fun thing to do. 3) Tex is off at the Keith Richard Clinic in Switzerland having his blood rotated. 4) You're welcome, and thank you. I have indeed heard of Peter Hammill, and enthusiastically recommend his latest LP,* Sitting Targets, *on the PVC label (Virgin in the UK). ls*

Dear Sirs: *(That's two of you who haven't noticed the sex of this magazine's editor—ls)*

Believe it or not, I hadn't seen one issue of *HM* until just recently following the release of your movie. Since that time, I've found a place here that sells past issues of comics and magazines, and I've now got one of every issue you've put out. It cost me over $100, but it was well worth it! After reading them all, I changed my style of drawing completely. It was no longer cute little animals and friendly neighbors, now it is killer deer and people blowing each other's faces off.

Carl Booth
Norwalk, Calif.

Jesus. I don't know whether to laugh or cry. You are kidding, aren't you? ls

Dear Sir:

I really love *Heavy Metal* magazine, but there just isn't enough rock'n'roll and sex. In '77, '78, and '79 the issues were stuffed with it.

Chris Palylyk
B.C., Canada

Dear Sir:

Ten hours at work, home to my *Heavy Metal*. What a disappointment. I've been meaning to write sooner; you show glimpses of tits and ass, but what's wrong with showing humans, robots or creatures fucking (intercourse)? This used to be a pretty good magazine, what happened? Get off this PG-rating bullshit. 1) Change before you bite the dust. 2) Your readers are not senile. 3) My dick has more imagination than some of your writers. Thank you.

Robert Doi
Philadelphia, Pa.

Yeah, but I'll bet your dick has to hunt and peck when it types —ls

Dear *HM*:

How can Segrelles sell such a shoddy piece of work to a nationally circulated magazine and still maintain a clear conscience? Sure, "The Mercenary" is impressive to look at, but let's get realistic! In the first installment the barbarian's flying iguana suddenly sprouts a gaping stomach wound. Yes. I *did* see that panel where *someone else's* lizard got gutted —but maybe I just missed something somewhere. In the November issue, the Mercenary's dead bird seemingly changes sex and has a baby. Funny, last month it was still a male—but maybe I missed something somewhere. The cave-carnivores incident was rather unbelievable as well. It seems that a seasoned mercenary has no trouble constructing a working hang-glider from the remains of a dead beastie, but not enough sense to check out the cave for any danger in the first place. This boy definitely never made it past the Cub Scouts. And after escaping an outraged husband's "legions" (I counted only a few guards), he encounters natives that are manufacturing alcohol in the Grand Canyon. What are they distilling, rock? For sure I missed something there!

Am I getting technical? Maybe, but it's things like these that totally ruin what could have been a promising story. Segrelles's "The Mercenary" is definitely missing a lot everywhere.

Robert L. Lackore
Cross Plains, Wisc.

More letters on page 50

The Poetics of Derangement
by Brad Balfour

I say that one must be a seer, make oneself a seer

"The poet makes himself a seer by a long, prodigious, and rational disordering of all the senses. Every form of love, of suffering, of madness, he searches himself, he consumes all the poisons in him and keeps only their quintessences. This is an unspeakable torture during which he needs all his faith and superhuman strength, and during which he becomes the great patient, the great criminal, the accursed—and the great learned one!—among men. For he arrives at the unknown because he has cultivated his own soul—which was rich to begin with—more than any other man! He reaches the unknown; and even if, crazed, he ends up by losing the understanding of his visions, at least he has seen them! Let him die charging through those unutterable, unnameable things, other horrible workers will come, they will begin from the horizons where he has succumbed!"

—Rimbaud

Though these grandiose words from the seventeen-year-old Arthur Rimbaud weren't meant specifically for Druillet, they apply just as well. Both revel in blood and froth, psychedelized images, and their own grammar of derangement. And both leap into the fray of enlightenment with their own frightful depictions, each to his own generation in the manner suited to the times. For Rimbaud it occurs through poetry, for Druillet, through *bandes dessinees*. That's not meant to award Druillet the same critical accord as Rimbaud (that's a matter for time), but it's to say their positions are often comparable.

When the rebellious Rimbaud burst onto the scene in the 1870s, the Romantic tradition was flourishing. Poets wrote rich paeans to all manner of decadence and social corruption, and novels reveled in stories of degradation and the decay of social norms. But Rimbaud, in trying to do his elders—such as Baudelaire—one better, wrote with a spunk and energy unrestrained by formal education or social order. He was a kid from a small city and simple background (like Druillet) without a father or many friends. Rather than remain within the confines of respectability, he continued to challenge any establishment until he decided to drop away from involving himself at all. Quite a character, Rimbaud, and a poet who produced lines like these:

I managed to erase in my mind all human hope. Upon every joy, in order to strangle it, I made the muffled bound of the wild beast.

I called up executioners in order to bite their gun-butts as I died. I called up plagues, in order to suffocate myself with sand and blood. Bad luck was my god. I stretched myself out in the mud. I dried myself in the air of crime. And I played some fine tricks on madness.

—"A Season in Hell" (1874)

Rimbaud added new meaning to the epic poem; his writings crossed with impunity the boundary between poetic illumination and narrative, just as Druillet has done with the comic story and illustration. Rimbaud has influenced the whole dark underbelly of poetry and pop culture.

Druillet, as well, in his own intoxication with the dark and despairing, has sought to redefine both the aesthetics of his medium and its intent. A page isn't a series of panels to him; it's an entire cathedral ceiling rich with three-dimensional, illusory possibilities. Like M. C. Escher before him, he toys with perspective and depth, with hallucinatory results. Rimbaud gave vowels colors, Druillet transforms text into design as if the words are actually threaded into the fabric of images. Borders aren't mere borders; they are portals, entranceways into different continuum existing simultaneously in his drawings. Like William S. Burroughs, he toys with the very conventions of time and space in his work; things don't seem to proceed across one narrative line but emerge as the primary action continues. Often compulsive, he reiterates his universe in all his work from *The Six Voyages of Lone Sloane* to *Yragael* and *La Nuit*.

Within Druillet's macabre and labyrinthian universe (reminiscent of that of Hieronymous Bosch), mysterious quests take place that include incalculable distances, obscure lands, and almost unfathomable purpose. The purpose seems understood only by the characters—it's possible that not even Druillet fully comprehends his magic. Grandiose battles ensue; whole civilizations rise and fall, vast rococo cities emerge and disappear; and yet when all is said and done, everything returns to a deathly tranquillity, with the HERO destroyed or surviving by sheer tenacity. Even in victory there is no triumph, simply a cessation of action and conflict. It's bitter, obsessive stuff—all the essential material of epic myth out of Wagner, or like the totally florid, decadent world of Carthage from Gustave Flaubert's *Salammbo*. (See *HM*, August 1980.) It's heady stuff, consciously and clearly delineated by someone whose tradition includes equal doses of Jack Kirby and El Greco, Aubrey Beardsley, Van Gogh, H. P. Lovecraft, Victor Hugo, Baudelaire, and Jim Morrison.

No better example serves to illustrate the Druillet mythos than his graphic narrative poem *La Nuit* (Les Humanoides Associes, 1975). Set against one of Druillet's most visually passionate and graphically innovative environments, *La Nuit* vaguely chronicles an eternal battle between the forces of ultimate death and disintegration and the savage angels of ecstatic violence. Since the death of his first wife, Nicole, compelled its creation, *La Nuit* dwells on characters frantically, almost joyously rushing to agonizing yet ecstatic deaths. Drugs, derangement, and pain are sewn into the very fabric of each page's design. If any story fulfills Rimbaud's proclamation of disordering illumination, it's this one. Ultimately, the raging forces of anarchy seeking the sacred dope (like rampant cancer cells descending onto the final battleground) are rallied by clusters of pastel, octagon-shaped orbs blasting everything to oblivion. Above all the destruction rises the image of Druillet's beautiful wife—a delirious mirage hovering in space. For Druillet, the story is revolt unto death, an impassioned struggle to accept his wife's death from cancer and cope with death on his own terms. Witness this raving passage from *La Nuit*'s introduction—and notice the stylistic similarity to Rimbaud's own verse:

Century of enlightened people, if we wish to live better lives, let us learn about death. I who have held it in my arms,
I still tremble
Together we howl
and fight
but, after all, are we really, from here? We await the instant
of the sublime adventure
Future corpses, get ready, and fasten your seat belts!
I'm learning to love death. I have taste

Druillet—the intoxicated seer—endows his work with poetic visions, just as Rimbaud used the shards of narrative to hinge his

continued on page 50

RASAEL
BY DAN DRILLET
IMAGINE THE OCEANOSPHERE— THE VISCOUS UNIVERSE
AND THE VORACIOUS SPINNING EYE OF MATTER IN THE BLACK AND SLIPPERY BLOOD OF THE SERPENT: A FLASH OF FROST IN AN INKY SPHERE LIMPID SPIRAL OF THE SURGING LYMPH

IMAGINE
THIS LUMINOUS EYE HAIR
SPLITTING THE HYDROGEN
THAT DRIPS FROM PLANETS
ON THE PRISMATIC FUSION.

IMAGINE THE EXPLOSION!

THE GOAT DANCE-THE FLIGHT OF LUCIBEL
-AND DIS SPEAKING TO MILLIONS OF RED
WORLDS-AND BELIAL IN THE MISTS OF
CYRENE-AND THE PANDEMONIUM
OF THE CELLULAR ABYSS..

The Poetics of Derangement

continued from page 42

poems on to the actual fabric of existence. Both men craft set pieces, and both, through naive self-education, manage to recast their specific medium with figures of their own making. Through his primal antiheroes—the forever morose and unpredictable Lone Sloane and the ironic, comical, almost pathetic Vuzz—Druillet displays a profound mistrust of an idyllic life and conventionality. He's an ultimate decadent who would prefer glorious death to banal existence throughout all his extended epics to the shortest piece.

His works seethe with a visual debauchery as lavish and complete as a wanton night on the town in Manhattan, replete with cocaine, women, opium, ghostly rock bands, and smoky back rooms. As exhausting as a night like that is, so is the intricate imagery of Druillet. His panels cover the space with action and complicated embellishment. And it's no wonder Druillet should feel so comfortable adapting Gustav Flaubert's *Salammbo*, for the two share the same lust for lavish detail, of blood, flesh, decay, and death.

"I disembowel men with prodigality. I spill blood, I write in a cannibalistic style," said Flaubert. The same could be said of Druillet. Both relish—in the words of literary critic Victor Brombert, referring to the use of Africa as the setting for the original *Salammbo*—"the theater of the elemental mysteries of life where sex was related to infinity and death, where a permanent original creation was also close to permanent undoing and nothingness, and the dawn of religions announced the twilight of the gods." Flaubert's *Salammbo* seems like the perfect literary analog to Druillet's visual stories. Laden with nightmarish brutality and hallucinatory sexuality, Flaubert's tale of the Lybian Matho's mercenary revolt against the conqueror Hamilcar and his subsequent romance with Salammbo, priestess of Tanit and his betrayer, forms the foundation for Druillet's latest episode in the Lone Sloane mythos. Sloane forever the distant, brutal agent of chaos, "becomes Matho, a necessary incursion of my own personal fantasy into the story, since I orchestrate everything around Sloane," says Druillet in the introduction to the first volume of the French edition. "*Salammbo* is a bit of the story of a world . . . which is collapsing. So here I am in this barbarian gallery . . ." Apt materials for one who often throws off the thin cloak of civilization within the most intricately constructed of future societies. Says Druillet: "Most people don't like to be told the individual is a mixture of violence, sensuality, savagery, and barbarism, and the world is a world of fools gone out of control!" There is an act of living a life to its fullest in the face of all its brutality, hardness, and pain (more often than not self-inflicted and/or encouraged) which permeates Druillet and Flaubert in spite of all the evident nihilism.

Maybe the source for such a tradition lies in the very roots of French history. Long before Christianity was planted among the Romans, France—then Gaul—was a prosperous Roman colony with an established pagan religion of animism. The druids were the priests, and the woods, their temples, the source of knowledge was God. Through ecstatic measures uniting mind and body, flesh and earth, they sought God through animal sacrifice and sexual abandon.

Or maybe the source rests in the nature of comics as both a relatively recent art form and an ancient one—witness the sequential cave paintings found in Southern France. The pagan and the modern, the primitive and the futuristic, the animistic and the metallic are all fused within Druillet's work. It's a result of a man's own search for a life separate from his peers. Like Rimbaud, Druillet, the painfully shy and odd youth burdened with an ambivalent sexuality and fragmented family life, forged a new approach to his medium.

Yragael/Urm (Dragon's Dream, 1977) was originally two books, Yragael ou La Fin Temps, 1974, and Urm Le Fou, 1975, published by Dargaud.

CHAIN MAIL

Dear Ed:
By the way, does Caza have the same hero in every story? I have a theory (shoot me if I'm wrong) that Caza's hero is a self-caricature. Right, huh?

Ed Schultheis
Goleta, Calif.

Indeed, that bearded, bespectacled burn-out is Philippe Caza.

—ls

Dear *Heavy Metal*'s Little Helpers:
Once again my void-sucking existence has been violated by that glossy asterisk named *Heavy Metal*—the cramp that refreshes. As a collector of socially aberrantly etched gazettes, I bathe in your monthly's humor and lack of self-importance, while each dawning day gives absurdity sociopolitical relevance no three-ply trash bag could handle without splitting its sides. Some of the finest articles written habitually grace *HM*, but a favorite of someone I've known since birth is Lou Stathis, whose critical prose nose nose bounds.

Lawrence A. Shaver
aka Tragic Ant
Aurora, Ill.

Couldn't agree with you more.

—ls

Dear Brad Balfour:
We were totally astonished and delighted when we read your review of *Re/Search*, the *only* insightful one ever in print (Jan.). I felt the overall article was excellent—and was happy to note that you did *not* praise the lame text in *Street Art*. Discernment is all too rare . . .

Vale
Re/Search Magazine
San Francisco, Calif.

Almost as rare as a letter praising our associate editor. After the beating poor Brad has taken in past columns, we just had to print this. Anything to stop him from sulking.

—ls

Dear Editor:
Who the hell is this (narrow-minded geek) Lou Stathis? I think he's a jerk and has his head way up his you-know-what. I mean, anybody that puts down heavy-metal rock 'n' roll is full of crap! His December New Musics column makes me sick every time I read it. Lou should have a little more respect for great hard driving rock 'n' roll, like Iron Maiden, Krokus, Saxon, etc. In conclusion, Lou, Ozzy ain't a boring old fart; you are!

Stephen Nanle
Sonoma, Calif.

How'd this get in here, huh? You ain't seen sulking yet.

—ls

Dear Brad:
I was much impressed by the December *HM*. It's strange, but the prose stuff was far and away the best part of the magazine. Recruiting Debbie Harry, Mick Farren, and Elliott Murphy to write was a genuine coup. I think you're really starting to deliver on some promises you made in earlier issues, and some real interest and excitement are starting to stir.

Bruce Sterling
Austin, Tex.

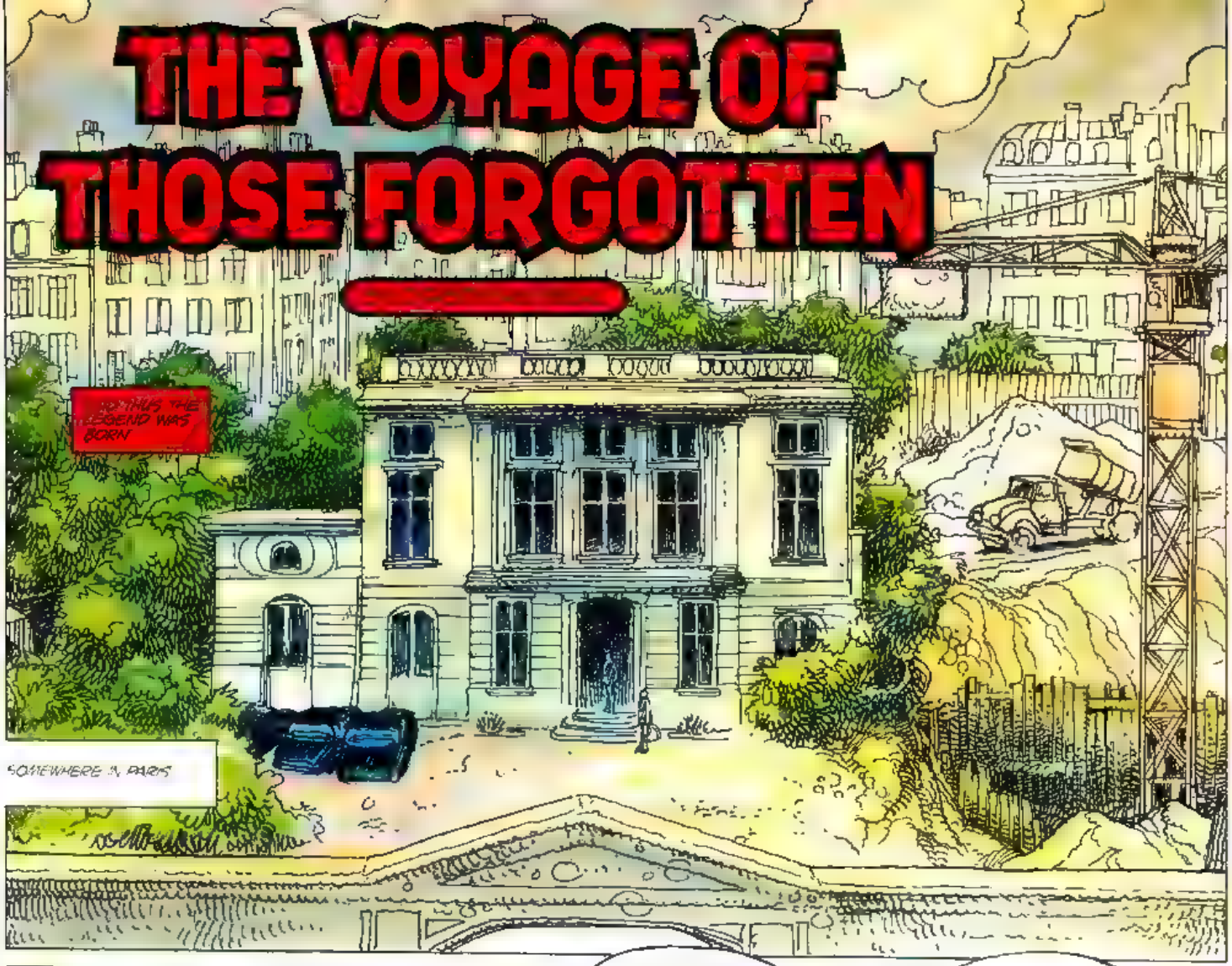
To whom it may concern:
About Lou Stathis's self-made and forced change in music views (Nov.)...he's full of shit.

(unsigned)

Oh yeah? Well, I've had it. I'm going home.

—ls

THE VOYAGE OF THOSE FORGOTTEN



WASN'T IT A FAMILY-RUN HOTEL ORIGINALLY?
YES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 18TH CENTURY ODD GOINGS ON HAVE HAPPENED HERE. TOO I MIGHT ADD BESIDES THE FACT THAT MANY ER A "WORKING WOMAN" HAS BEEN KNOWN TO WORK OUT OF HERE IT'S HERE WHERE THE EXECUTIONS TOOK PLACE DURING THE WAR IN 1848 IT WAS A HAUNT FOR REVOLUTIONARIES WHO CAME THROUGH TOWN AT THE TIME OF THE TAKE OVER, IT WAS HERE THAT THE KEY UNDERGROUND LEADERS WERE FOUND.

THAT'S RATHER BIZARRE ESPECIALLY WHEN ONE KNOWS WHAT IT'S USED FOR NOW DON'T YOU THINK?
YES QUITE ODD AND DON'T FORGET THE FACT THAT IT WAS OCCUPIED IN MAY OF '68

AH, MY GOOD GENERAL - HOW GOOD TO SEE YOU
LIKEWISE MONSIEUR SECRETARY LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MONSIEUR CORMIER FROM GENERAL INTELLIGENCE
DELIGHTED TO MEET YOU
WE WERE TALKING ABOUT THE HISTORY BEHIND THE HOTEL
AH, YES A CURIOUS PLACE, DON'T YOU THINK? DID YOU KNOW IT WAS BUILT ATOP AN ALCHEMIST'S HOUSE? I'VE HEARD ABOUT SECRET CORRIDORS, AND HIDDEN ABYSSES OF COURSE WE'VE ALL LOOKED ABOUT BUT HAVE FOUND NOTHING. THE MOST RIDICULOUS GOSSIP HAS ALWAYS CIRCULATED AMONG THE TOWNSPEOPLE ABOUT THIS PLACE
THE MORE RIDICULOUS THE BETTER. BUT LET'S PREPARE OURSELVES FOR THE BUSINESS AT HAND.
AH MONSIEUR GRABUL FROM THE SDECE
PLEASE PLEASE NO JOKES ABOUT THE SDECE!
AND HERE IS OUR DEAR FRIEND FROM THE QUAI D'ON SAY AND DEAR OLD MONSIEUR SCHMELTZ FROM THE OST
WELL, SINCE WE'RE ALL HERE LET'S GO INTO THE CONFERENCE ROOM IT'S ON THE SECOND FLOOR
HMMM, IT'S WELL EQUIPPED!
YES, WE HAVE WHAT WE'LL NEED COMPUTER OUTLETS ARE CONNECTED TO THE CENTRAL INDEX, OPTIC LENSES, LISTENING DEVICES EDITING TABLES, PROJECTORS, AND A FEW MORE THAT I'VE FORGOTTEN THE NAMES OF

YES, YES VERY WELL, EQUIPPED
AND THE PERSONNEL?
WHY HANDPICKED, OF COURSE. EVEN BEQUET THE PROJECTIONIST IS ONE OF MY PEOPLE
AND MISS LEFEVRE HAS BEEN MY SECRETARY FOR YEARS. ISN'T THAT RIGHT MY DEAR?
OH GENERAL, EVEN YOU USUALLY WAIT UNTIL THE DARK!
THE HEAD OF PERSONNEL ALSO MENTIONED THAT A NEW SERVICE ATTENDANT SHOULD BE HERE. BUT I HAVEN'T MET HIM YET
GENTLEMEN, IF YOU'LL TAKE YOUR SEATS, WE'LL BEGIN THE CASE THAT I WOULD LIKE TO OPEN THE MEETING WITH IS NUMBER 50,228 (FOR LACK OF A BETTER TITLE).
AH YES, THIS MAN IS A LEGEND, THOUGH WE DON'T KNOW HIS TRUE IDENTITY
HMMM, A CONTEMPORARY LEGEND. THEY ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN. WILL YOU TURN OFF THE LIGHTS PLEASE, BEQUET?
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO GATHER ALL OF THE DOCUMENTS AVAILABLE ON THIS MAN. DOCUMENTS OF WHICH THERE EXIST BUT ONE COPY. NEEDLESS TO SAY, ALL THAT IS DISCUSSED IN THIS MEETING ROOM TODAY IS TOP SECRET. SHOULD A SECURITY LEAK OCCUR, I WOULDN'T LIKE US VERY LONG TO FIND THE CULPRIT. LET'S GO OVER WHAT WE HAVE THUS FAR, GORMIER.

UNFORTUNATELY, I ONLY HAVE A FEW PHOTOS UNDER THE NAME OF GUESDIN, 50,228. FREQUENTED THE LATIN QUARTER IN THE LATE 60s. IT WAS DURING THIS TIME THAT HE CLAIMED TO HAVE A STRONG AFFINITY WITH MEDIEVAL SORCERY.

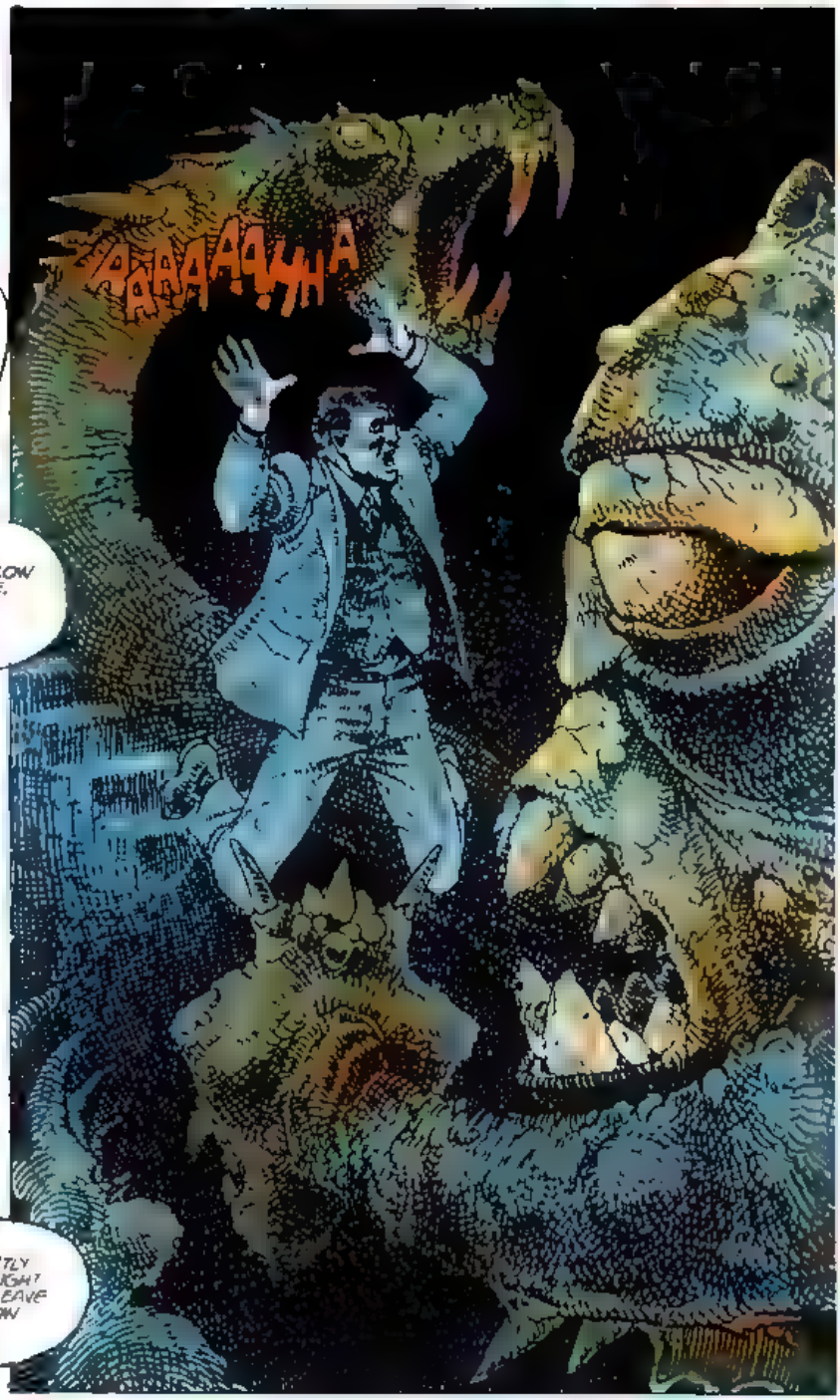
HE FOUND HIMSELF INVOLVED WITH A BARBARIC SOCIALIST GROUP. IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE THAT HE IS THE THIN TEENAGER FACING US. APPARENTLY A MEETING WAS UNDER WAY WHEN THIS SHOT WAS TAKEN. NEXT SLIDE PLEASE.

AT THIS POINT WE SEE GUESDIN IN SUPPORT OF THE FLN. AS YOU CAN SEE HERE, HE WAS WORKING VERY CLOSELY WITH THEIR LEADER. AH, WELL. LET'S PASS OVER THIS ONE. HE DIDN'T LAST VERY LONG HERE AND DIDN'T DO AN AWFUL LOT OF DAMAGE.

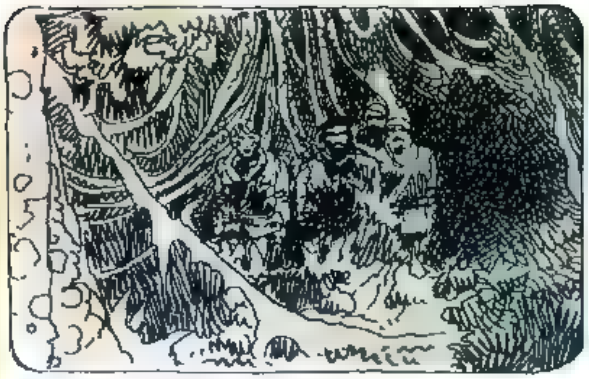
AFTERWARD HE WENT UNDER THE NAME OF GUIDON A NAME THAT AS KNOWN AS THE NAME GUIDON. APPARENTLY HE WERE NOT AN EVIL AND STRONG RELATIVES SOUGHT AND GRATIFIED TOWARD EVERY PROPHET THE HIGHER QUALITY OF SCHOOL SEPARATE MANY AWARE OF HIS A THE PHOTO NA THE HE SCHOOL HARD OF THAT SAME HOOD BY ONE OF OUR SCORPIERS WAS THIS TOO A BAD PHOTO BUT THE SUBJECT IS INDICATED BY AN ARROW

CAN I YOU TRANSFER THE CALL TO THIS OFFICE?
WELL I GUESS THE NEW WILL DOESN'T KNOW
I'LL TAKE IN THE OTHER ROOM I'VE FINISHED ANY REPORT ANYWAY

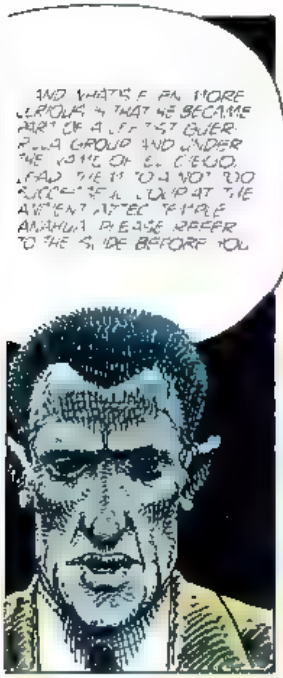
PHONE HERE
YES IT'S RIGHT BY A DIRECT ROUTE TO THE FALLOUT SHELTER I GUESS YOU WERE NEVER TOLD ABOUT THIS
GULP
IT'S DIRECTLY TO YOUR RIGHT SIR I'LL LEAVE YOU NOW



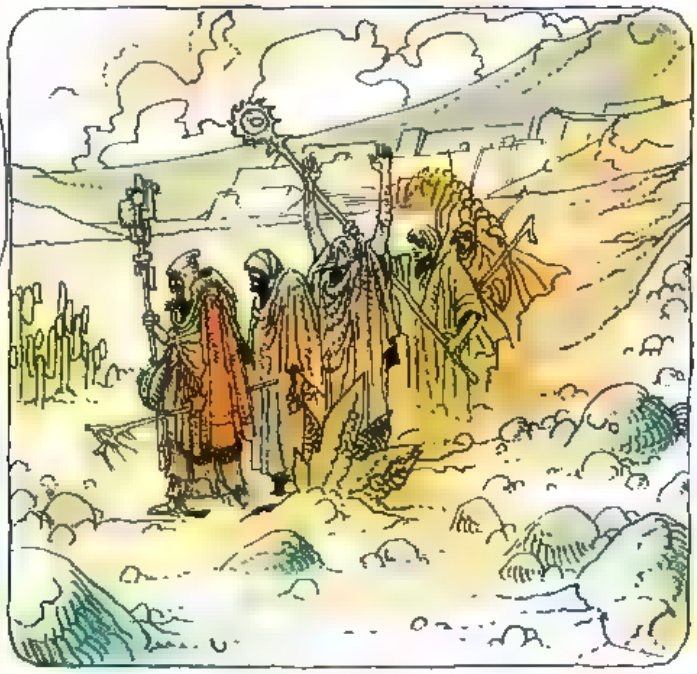
HE WAS LAST SIGHTED IN PEKING, WHICH IS WHY WE HAVE NO FURTHER INFORMATION ON HIM. HE WAS THEN SIGHTED IN CUBA USING THE NAME BALTASAR. HE WAS IN A COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA FILM HARVESTING SUGAR. THE LAST MY DEPARTMENT SAW OF HIM



IT IS BELIEVED HE WORKED WITH CHE GUEVARA FOR A WHILE. THERE IS A PHOTO ABOUT BUT IT HAS BEEN GREATLY TOUCHED UP AND IT IS DIFFICULT TO TELL IF IT IS ACTUALLY HIM OR NOT

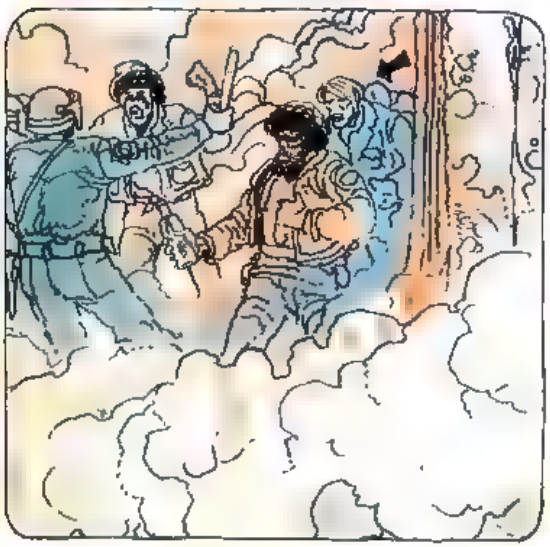


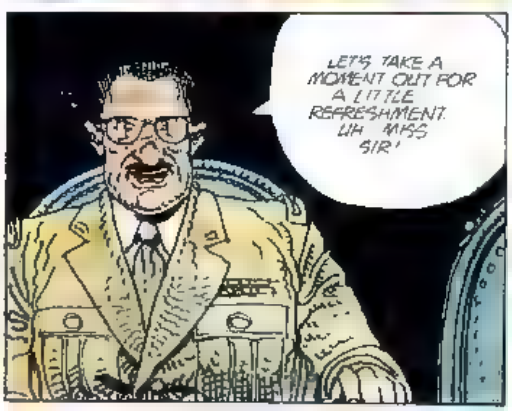
AND WHAT'S EVEN MORE SERIOUS IS THAT HE BECAME PART OF A LEFTIST GUERRILLA GROUP AND UNDER THE NAME OF EL CHEGO LED THEM TO A NOT TOO SUCCESSFUL COUP AT THE AIRPORT AFTER THOSE AMAHUA PLEASE REFER TO THE SLIDE BEFORE YOU



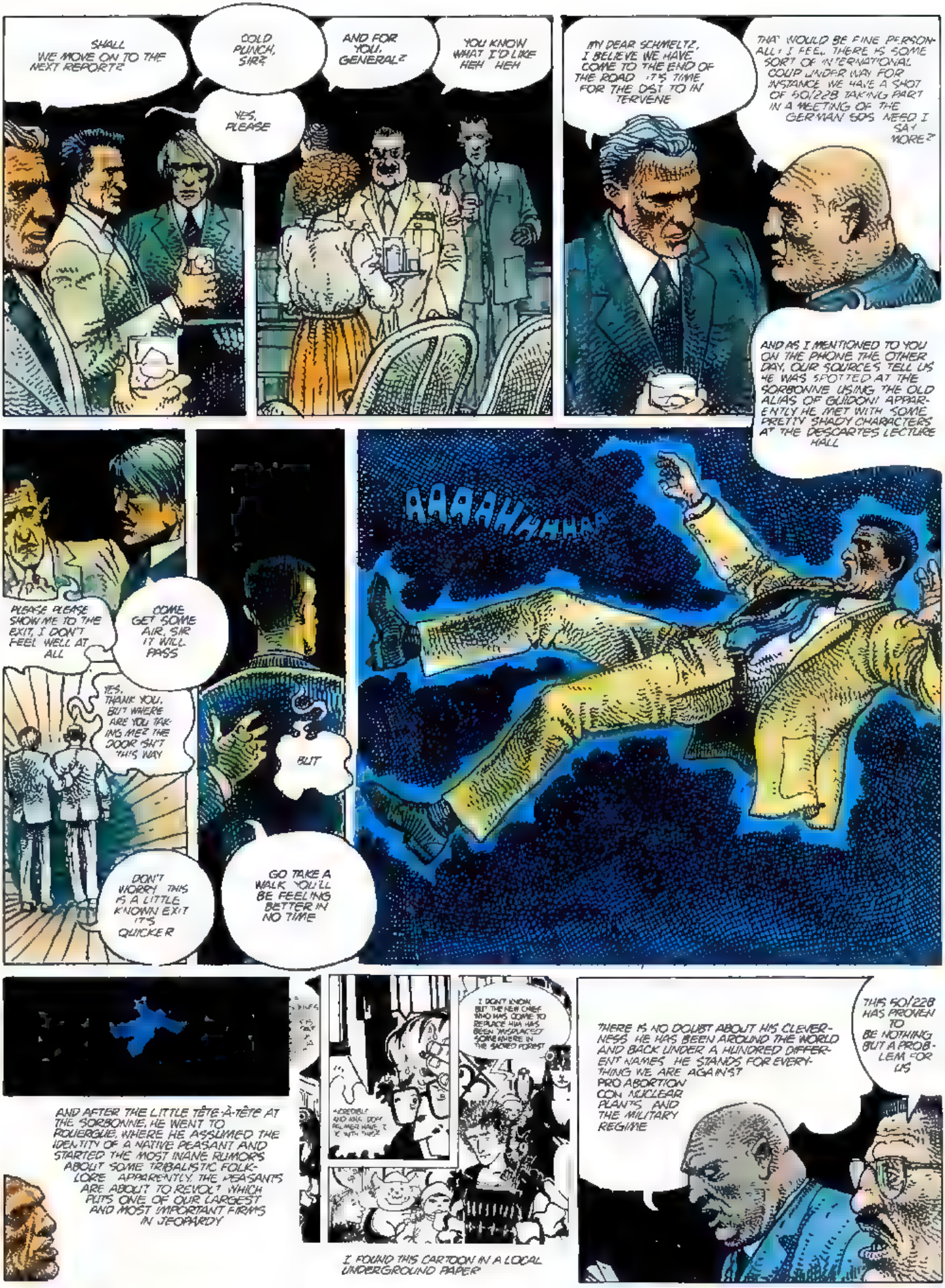
AN EYE INFECTION ENABLED HIM TO PLAY A VERY CONVINCING BEGGING BLIND MAN THROUGHOUT CENTRAL AMERICA AND HE RECENTLY HEARD OF A FRENCH FAITH HEALER WHO WAS FOLLOWED BY ONE OF OUR AGENTS IN COLUMBIA. HE TOO WAS BELIEVED TO BE 50/22B

THE LATEST REPORT IS FROM OUR SAN FRANCISCAN CONSULTANT WHO CLAIMS HE HAS SIGHTED OUR MAN AMONG A GROUP OF BLACK PANTHERS WHO CONGREGATE IN THE AREA. HE WENT TO WE SALVAGED THIS BIT OF FILM FROM THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR OVER AT NBC IN THE STATES. AS YOU CAN SEE THE RESEMBLANCE IS STRIKING



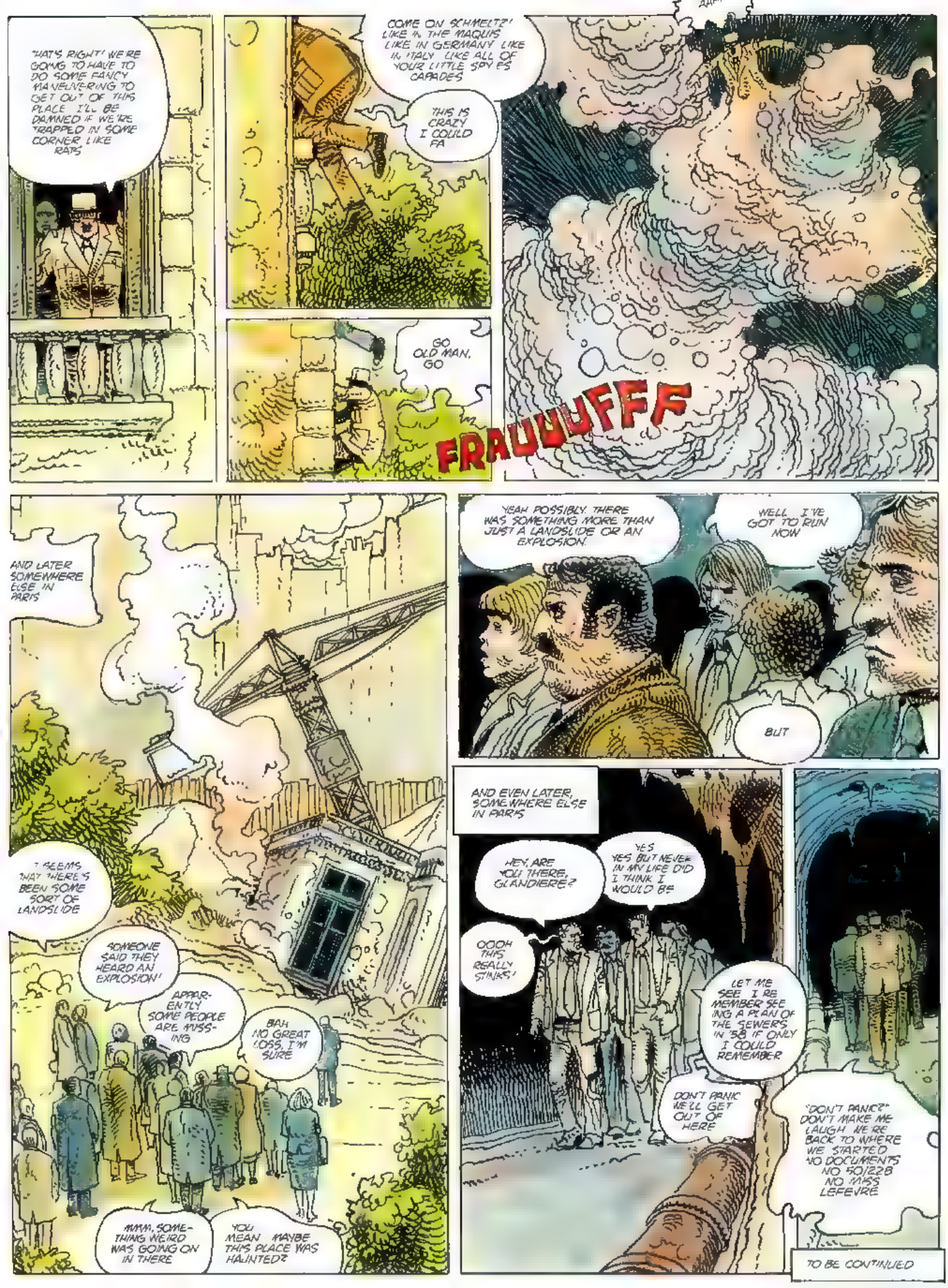


THAT'S FUNNY THE NEW BUTLER REMINDS ME OF SOMEONE BUT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHO
I WONDER WHERE CORMIER HAS GONE OFF TO OH THOSE R G S ARE SO TALKATIVE


SHALL WE MOVE ON TO THE NEXT REPORT?
COLD PUNCH, SIR?
YES, PLEASE
AND FOR YOU, GENERAL?
YOU KNOW WHAT I'D LIKE HEH HEH
MY DEAR SCHMELTZ, I BELIEVE WE HAVE COME TO THE END OF THE ROAD IT'S TIME FOR THE DST TO INTERVENE
THAT WOULD BE FINE PERSONALLY I FEEL THERE IS SOME SORT OF INTERNATIONAL COUP UNDER WAY FOR INSTANCE WE HAVE A SHOT OF 50/228 TAKING PART IN A MEETING OF THE GERMAN SDS NEED I SAY MORE?
AND AS I MENTIONED TO YOU ON THE PHONE THE OTHER DAY, OUR SOURCES TELL US HE WAS SPOTTED AT THE SORBONNE USING THE OLD ALIAS OF GUIDON! APPARENTLY HE MET WITH SOME PRETTY SHADY CHARACTERS AT THE DESCARTES LECTURE HALL
PLEASE PLEASE SHOW ME TO THE EXIT, I DON'T FEEL WELL AT ALL
COME GET SOME AIR, SIR IT WILL PASS
YES, THANK YOU, BUT WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME? THE DOOR ISN'T THIS WAY
BUT
DON'T WORRY, THIS IS A LITTLE KNOWN EXIT IT'S QUICKER
GO TAKE A WALK, YOU'LL BE FEELING BETTER IN NO TIME
AAAAHAHHH
AND AFTER THE LITTLE TÊTE-À-TÊTE AT THE SORBONNE, HE WENT TO ROUERGUE, WHERE HE ASSUMED THE IDENTITY OF A NATIVE PEASANT AND STARTED THE MOST INANE RUMORS ABOUT SOME TRIBALISTIC FOLKLORE APPARENTLY, THE PEASANTS ARE ABOUT TO REVOLT WHICH PUTS ONE OF OUR LARGEST AND MOST IMPORTANT FIRMS IN JEOPARDY
I DON'T KNOW, BUT THE NEW CHIEF WHO WAS, COME TO REPLACE HIM HAS BEEN MISPLACED SOMEWHERE IN THE SACRED FOREST
INCREDIBLE AND ASK DOC PALMER HAVE A WITH THESE
I FOUND THIS CARTOON IN A LOCAL UNDERGROUND PAPER
"THERE IS NO DOUBT ABOUT HIS CLEVERNESS HE HAS BEEN AROUND THE WORLD AND BACK UNDER A HUNDRED DIFFERENT NAMES HE STANDS FOR EVERYTHING WE ARE AGAINST PRO ABORTION CON NUCLEAR PLANTS, AND THE MILITARY REGIME
THIS 50/228 HAS PROVEN TO BE NOTHING BUT A PROBLEM FOR US

YES BUT HE HAS ESCAPED ALL OF OUR RAPS WITH INCREDIBLE AGILITY AND GUILE
YES YES, BUT I WONDER WHAT'S TAKING CORMIER SO LONG? DON'T YOU, GRABUL?
YES, AND WHAT ABOUT GLANDIERE HE JUST STEPPED OUT FOR A BIT OF AIR THIS PLACE IS A BIT STRANGE, DON'T YOU THINK?
YOU KNOW YOU'RE RIGHT THEY'VE BEEN GONE A LONG TIME
HMM LET'S SEE
BUT, WHILE WE'RE WAITING, LET ME SHOW YOU THIS TAPE I BROUGHT WITH ME
YES, BESIDES, THOSE OF US FROM SDECE DON'T LIKE WEIRD THINGS THE IRRATIONAL - SURE WHY NOT THE DISQUIETING - ABSOLUTELY NOT
TELL ME, MY GOOD MAN WHERE HAVE MY COLLEAGUES GONE?
COME WITH ME INTO THE MORNING ROOM THEY'RE UNDOUBTEDLY THERE
IN THE MORNING ROOM? WHY SHOULD THEY BE IN THERE?
THIS IS THE MORNING ROOM
LET'S TAKE A LOOK
AAAARRRR
THERE ARE VARIOUS THEORIES THAT WE HAVEN'T TAKEN INTO ACCOUNT TWO POLITICAL COHORTS OF 50/228'S HAVE BEEN INTERROGATED BY ONE OF OUR MEN IT'S POSSIBLE THAT THEY COULD SHED SOME LIGHT ON HIS WHEREABOUTS. OUR MAN DISGUISED AS A JOURNALIS FROM PARIS MATCH ASKED THEM SOME VERY LEADING QUESTIONS
BUT THAT'S ENTRAPMENT ISN'T IT?
WE'RE NOT CHILDREN THE QUESTIONS WERE POSED IN SUCH A WAY THAT I VERY DEFINITELY COULDN'T BE MISCONSTRUED AS JUST THAT BESIDES THE TWO MEN DOUBLE-TALKED AND REPORTED CONFLICTING TALES, IT WAS A REAL WASTE OF TIME BEQUET IF YOU WILL

WHAT IS THE HORROR?
THIS SLIDE IS A BIT OF HANDWORK ON THE PART OF OUR PHOTO LAB I HAVE HAD THEM SUPERIMPOSE AN ILLUSTRATION BEHIND THIS FOOTAGE THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA OF WHAT WE ARE ACTUALLY DEALING WITH
SO WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT IS A MYSTERIOUS BEING WITH IMMENSE POWERS WHO'S COME FROM SOME WHERE AND IS GOING NOWHERE A SOLITARY ENTITY WHOSE BIZARRE IN TANGIBLE QUEST IS UNNERVING TO OUR DISINTEGRATING WORLD
SO WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF ENKI BILAL? THE MAN IN QUESTION HAS BEEN SEEN IN YOUR ESOTERIC LITTLE STRIP
OH! WHEN I WAS THAT IS HOW THE PEOPLE BELIEVE IN THIS GARBAGE
AND YOU PIERRE CHRISTIN, YOU SURELY ARE AWARE OF THE SOMBER TRIBULES THAT PANEL OF [illegible]
THIS MAN AN ABSENCE AN [illegible] PRODUCT OF OUR SOCIETY TO WHICH HE BELONGS A SIMPLE CASE OF HISTORICAL ORK MAN WHO IS A CATALYST FOR SOCIAL CHANGE WHO FOUGHT AGAINST OPPRESSION IS IN THE HALL WHO IS BEHIND THE [illegible] IS AN IMMORTAL BLACK GOVERNMENT A GROUP OF HIERARCHAL HYPOCRITES WHO ARE NOTHING BUT ANIMALS THEMSELVES
BEQUET! CUT OFF THESE BIDDIES AND TURN ON THE LIGHTS!
ARE YOU CRAZY?
THAT'S IT I HAVE ALL THE DOCUMENTS
I'LL PULL OUT THE PLUGS!
OKAY, NOW WE HAVE TO RUN. BECAUSE IN TWO MINUTES
CHRIST! THE LIGHTS ARE OUT AGAIN!
THE DOOR IS BLOCKED AND THE TELEPHONE LINES HAVE BEEN CUT
AH YES THIS IDLE TALK WON'T GET US ANYWHERE THIS REALLY HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE BUSINESS AT HAND MISS LEFEVRE PLEASE STRIKE ALL THAT HAS BEEN DISCUSSED ABOUT THIS TRIPE
HEY WHAT'S GOING ON?
BUT HEY YOU OVER THERE YOU'RE SOLIDS!
THESE DAMNED SHUTTERS ARE STUCK! AH
DON'T PANIC!


"THAT'S RIGHT! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO SOME FANCY MANEUVERING TO GET OUT OF THIS PLACE I'LL BE DAMNED IF WE'RE TRAPPED IN SOME CORNER LIKE RATS
COME ON SCHMELTZ! LIKE IN THE MAQUIS LIKE IN GERMANY LIKE IN ITALY LIKE ALL OF YOUR LITTLE SPY ES CAPADES
THIS IS CRAZY I COULD FA
GO OLD MAN, GO
FRAUUUFFF
AND LATER SOMEWHERE ELSE IN PARIS
IT SEEMS THAT THERE'S BEEN SOME SORT OF LANDSLIDE
SOMEONE SAID THEY HEARD AN EXPLOSION!
APPAR- ENTLY SOME PEOPLE ARE MISS- ING
BAH, NO GREAT LOSS, I'M SURE
MMM, SOME- THING WEIRD WAS GOING ON IN THERE
YOU MEAN MAYBE THIS PLACE WAS HAUNTED?
YEAH POSSIBLY. THERE WAS SOMETHING MORE THAN JUST A LANDSLIDE OR AN EXPLOSION!
WELL I'VE GOT TO RUN NOW
BUT
AND EVEN LATER, SOMEWHERE ELSE IN PARIS
HEY, ARE YOU THERE, GLANDIERE?
YES YES BUT NEVER IN MY LIFE DID I THINK I WOULD BE
OOOH THIS REALLY STINKS!
LET ME SEE I RE MEMBER SEE ING A PLAN OF THE SEWERS IN '58 IF ONLY I COULD REMEMBER
DON'T PANIC WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE
"DON'T PANIC?" DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH WE'RE BACK TO WHERE WE STARTED NO DOCUMENTS NO 50/228 NO MASS LEFEVRE
TO BE CONTINUED

. . . BUT MAKE SURE YOU'RE WEARING THE RIGHT OUTFITS!

Imagine this. You and your mate are sitting around in your torn T-shirts from Camp Sequoia days, watching old "Lost in Space" reruns.

Suddenly, one of you screams, "HEY! WHERE'S THE FUN IN THIS?" So you pull out the ol' EC horrors, jump into your new *Heavy Metal* jackets and/or T's, and you're in seventh heaven.

Heavy Metal is offering, just in time for Christmas, the newest in fantasy wear. This lovely silver, satinlike jacket is equipped with a cotton lining . . . and front pockets, too. Our original *HM* T-shirt is also available.

So order today! Pick up a few for stocking stuffers, too.

Heavy Metal
Dept. HM 2-82
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The prices below include postage and handling per item.

I'd like _____ *Heavy Metal* jackets, ___sm. ___med. ___lge., at $35.00 each.

And why not _____ *HM* T-shirts, ___sm. ___med. ___lge. / ___red ___black, at $6.75 each.

New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.

SHE

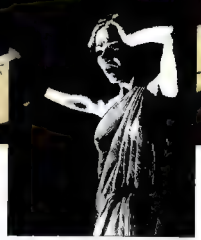
H. RIDER HAGGARD

Almost a century has passed since readers were introduced to one of the most fascinating women in the history of fantasy literature—a century that would mean nothing to an immortal beauty whose bare feet had worn smooth the stone steps of her hidden fortress. Ayesha, She Who Must-Be-Obeyed. *She!* Since its first appearance in 1886 running as a serial in *The Graphic*, H. Rider Haggard's novel, *She*, has virtually remained in print ever since—passing through countless editions and translations and at least two film adaptations.

H. Rider Haggard (1856-1925) was the most important writer of fantastic adventure of his day. Born in Norfolk, England, Haggard as a young man spent six years in the colonial service in South Africa, an experience which furnished material for most of his writing. Returning to England to study law, he became a London barrister in 1884, a career that was cut short the following year with his first major literary success, the classic adventure novel *King Solomon's Mines*. The author of some seventy-five books, Haggard popularized the lost-race novel, as exemplified by *King Solomon's Mines* and *She*: stirring tales of modern adventurers who encounter the sorcery and romance of lost civilizations in the secret vastness of unexplored regions.

ILLUSTRATED BY
MIKE EMBDEN & TIM GILL

Enormously successful Haggard's novels inspired numerous imitations, jealous rivals wrote parodies of his work, and modern pasticheurs have made use of his characters. He was a major influence on subsequent generations of adventure writers among their number Talbot Mundy, Edgar Rice Burroughs, and Robert E. Howard.



I first discovered the world of H. Rider Haggard as a teenager—sharing perilous expeditions through uncharted jungle with Allan Quatermain and thrilling along with Leo Vincey to the deathless beauty of Ayesha. Quatermain, hero of *King Solomon's Mines* and fourteen others of Haggard's books, was a hero to fire any imagination. Ayesha inflamed the soul. Ayesha appeared in four novels (in series order) *Wisdom's Daughter, She and Allan, She,* and *Ayesha.* Of these, *She,* the first written, is by far the best known and most powerful of the series. A vanished civilization, a lost city guarded by savage warriors, an immortal woman who has ruled across the ages awaiting the reincarnation of her first love. She Who Must Be Obeyed. Hers was a spell of mystery and majesty that I remembered well as I soon began to write of my own immortal adventurer Kane.

For those who think that heroic fantasy began with Robert E. Howard, discover H. Rider Haggard. For those who believe that strong female characters in fantasy are a modern innovation, meet Ayesha.

I envy you that moment.

—Karl Edward Wagner

Illustrations [only] reproduced from *She*, by H. Rider Haggard. Illustrations by Michael Embden and Tim Gi. Published by Quick Fox. All rights reserved.

AT THE MIDDLE OF
CYMBIOLA

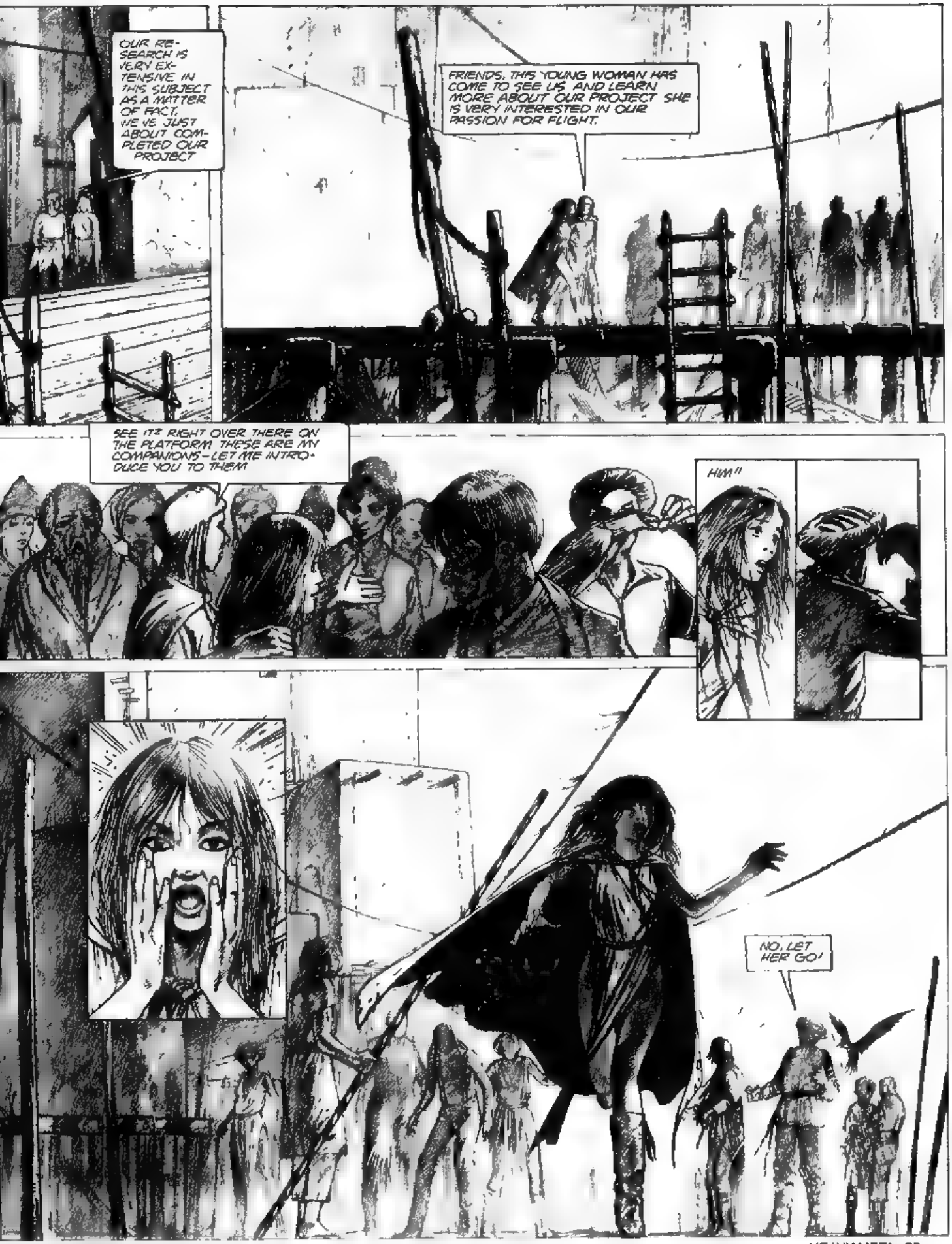
FOR MANY YEARS OF EXISTENCE, COMMERCE AT GHT TO A WITH CHATTEL POWER- MATTER S A MEASURE AN. NEIGHT IS AN EXPRESSION OF

A DAY WILL COME A DAY IN THE INFINITE FUTURE WHEN BEINGS WHO ARE NOW ATENT N OUR TOUCH S AND OPEN N OUR ONS ALL STAND UP ON THIS LAND AS ONE STANDS UPON A STOOL AND TOUCH HE S ARS

A CITY? BUT, IT'S BUILT SOLELY ON SWAMPLANDS. I AM VERY IMPRESSED WITH THIS CIMBIOLA NORTH!

JUST INCRED-IBLE I CAN'T BELIEVE PEOPLE LIVE HERE!
EVERYTHING SEEMS SO FRAGILE SO BALANCED
IT'S SO DIFFERENT FROM WHERE I COME FROM! JUST LOOK AT HOW MUCH MORE
OOOH, LOOK AT THAT

HMMMMM, WHAT IN THE WORLD IS HE DOING?
I HAVE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THAT BEFORE
AND ON SUCH THIN THREADS 'TIS SIMPLY FANTASTIC
YOU'RE RIGHT BUT THE PEOPLE AROUND HERE TAKE THIS FEAT FOR GRANTED. MAYBE IT'S OUTA BOREDOM HABIT I'M NOT QUITE SURE
YOU SEEM JUST AS INTRIGUED AS I AM AREN'T YOU FROM AROUND HERE?
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE I'M FROM THE NORTH
WELL, IF YOU'RE NEW AROUND HERE LET ME SHOW YOU AROUND
I.E. THE TOWNS PEOPLE THAT IS ARE FASCINATED BY THE SCIENCE OF BALANCE


OUR RESEARCH IS VERY EXTENSIVE IN THIS SUBJECT AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE'VE JUST ABOUT COMPLETED OUR PROJECT
FRIENDS, THIS YOUNG WOMAN HAS COME TO SEE US AND LEARN MORE ABOUT OUR PROJECT SHE IS VERY INTERESTED IN OUR PASSION FOR FLIGHT.
SEE IT? RIGHT OVER THERE ON THE PLATFORM. THESE ARE MY COMPANIONS - LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO THEM
HIM!!
NO, LET HER GO!

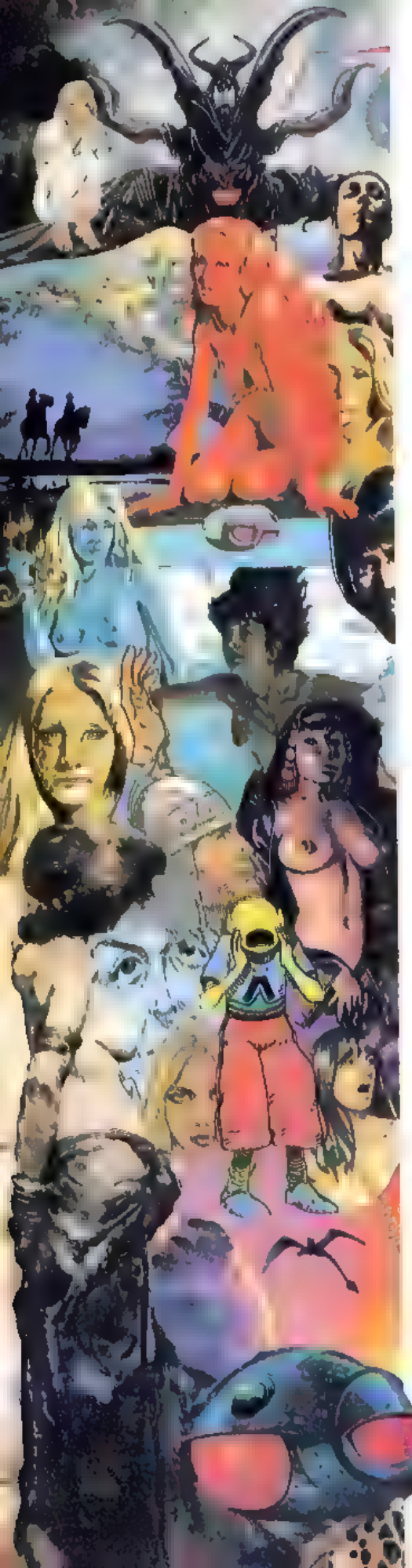
WAIT! WHY ARE YOU IN SUCH A HURRY?
?
YOU CAN'T LEAVE OUR CITY WITHOUT A HAPPY REMEMBRANCE
"HAPPY REMEMBRANCE?" HE'S MY "HAPPY REMEMBRANCE" THAT OLD MAN WITH THE BIRD. I HAVE BEEN TOLD TO FOLLOW HIM AND HE HAS BROUGHT ME CLOSER TO MADNESS AND MAYHEM THAN I COULD HAVE EVER DEEMED POSSIBLE AND NOW, WELL, NOW I AM LOST
THIS IS WHAT I THINK OF 'YOUR MEMORIES.' WHY DON'T YOU ASK THE FOOL WITH THE BIRD WHY I FEEL THIS WAY!
HEYYY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOU CRAZY GIRL?

ARE ALL WOMEN FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY SO VOLATILE? WHAT COULD MY LITTLE OFFERING HAVE TRIGGERED INSIDE OF HER? OBVIOUSLY THIS "BIRD MAN" HAS DISTURBED HER IN SOME WAY

TO BE CONTINUED

I'M AGE
© J. JONES 1982
I'M THE NAKED TRUTH!
I'LL SHOW THEM.
I HOPE THEY DON'T DEMAND PROOF.
WELL, THEY GOTTA BELIEVE I'M NAKED
©JEFFREY JONES 1982

THE MOMENT
TEA IMPORTERS
36
SWALES



HEAVY METAL

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 1977 SORRY –SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY 1977: Russian astronauts Roger the paranoid puppet Conquering Armies the ultimate rock festival and more $4.00

#3/JUNE 1977 Macedo's Rockblitz the highly praised Shells the beginning of Davis's World Apart Moebius Corben Bode more ($3.00)

#4/JULY 1977 Lots of Moebius Arzach plus part one of The Long Tomorrow also, the final installment of Sunpot ($3.00

#5/AUGUST 1977 The saga of Polonius begins The Long Tomorrow concludes and World Apart and Den continue ($3.00

#6/SEPTEMBER 1977 Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius a space opera plus more World Apart Den and Polonius ($3.00

#7/OCTOBER 1977 Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon Moebius's Airtight Garage Den and Polonius back again, yet more ($3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER 1977 New Harlan Ellison fiction nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud conclusions for Polonius and World Apart $3.00

#9/DECEMBER 1977 Extra pages for the complete Vuzz by Druillet Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein plus full-color contributions from Corben Macedo Claveloux and Moebius $3.00

#10/JANUARY 1978 Morrow illustrates Zelazny Lob and Richard update *Ulysses* Conquering Armies concludes Den continues ($3.00

#11/FEBRUARY 1978 New adventures of Barbarella wraparound cover and center spread by Nino plus Moebius Corben et al $3.00)

#12/MARCH 1978 Swashbuckling Orion makes a debut courtesy of Gray Morrow and there's more Barbarella more Jim and yet more Den ($3.00

#13/APRIL 1978 Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from Paradise 9 and Barbarella gives birth while Den wraps it up ($3.00

#14/MAY 1978: Jim the Mad waves bye-bye but Orion and Barbarella continue and Alex Nino tips his hat $3.00)

#15/JUNE 1978 Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic More Than Human is illustrated more Barbarella, and the origins of Heilman ($3.00

#16/JULY 1978 A happy ending for Barbarella a sad ending for 1996, the resumption of Druillet's Ga and yet more Heilman Orion More Than Human and Corben's Arabian Nights ($3.00

#17/AUGUST 1978 SORRY— SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 1978: Corben's Sindbad Moebius's Major Heilman Orion Long Sloane on Gail and Harlan Ellison too ($3.00

#19/OCTOBER 1978 Exterminator 17 Ellison's illustrated Glass Goblin the debut of McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous plus the usual ($3.00

#20/NOVEMBER 1978 Twenty pages of the Delany Chaykin Empire more Sindbad Exterminator Major Grubert Heilman's final rebirth, more ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER 1978 The stocking's full with Orion Kirchner's Tarot and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY 1979 Trina makes her debut here and Druillet concludes "Gail" plus McKie and Corben How much can you take? ($3.00

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: Galactic Geographic Starcrown Corben's Sindbad McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous plus Moebius Bilal and Macedo ($3.00)

#24/MARCH 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's The Stars My Destination Starcrown II and Ellison's late show ($3.00

#25/APRIL 1979 Our second birthday bash with Chaykin and Wein's Gideon Faust the Alien portfolio and Vaughn Mayerik's Time Out And much more ($3.00

#26/MAY 1979: It's all American (except for Druillet's Dancin and a Proust joke) fifteen entries including Corben Morrow the illustrated Alien ($3.00

#27/JUNE 1979: Fifty-four pages of Captain Future plus more illustrated Alien, and the final episode of So Beautiful and So Dangerous ($3.00

#28/JULY 1979 Bode's Zooks premieres Corben's Sindbad concludes Morrow and Moebius continue Mike Hinge debuts ($3.00)

#29/AUGUST 1979: Caza steals the show with New Ark City plus Mayerik Suydam Galactic Geographic Bode more $3.00

#30/SEPTEMBER 1979 Elric Buck Rogers a lizard named Elvis and Little Red Vette alongside Moebius and Moebius $3.00

#31/OCTOBER 1979 Halloween strikes with a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft with Moebius Braccia Druillet Suydam others ($3.00

#32/NOVEMBER 1979 Let us give thanks for Corben's Rowlf Bode's Zooks Brunner's Elric Chaykin's The Stars My Destination Moebius and more ($3.00)

#33/DECEMBER 1979: A Christmas package from Caza Corben Kofoed Suydam Silks Trina Moebius and Ellison plus Gnomes and Giants ($3.00

#34/JANUARY 1980 A new year a new decade — begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf" and much more! $3.00

#35/FEBRUARY 1980: An eerie Courtain cover adorns this winter issue Corben's The Beast of Wolfton begins McKie experiments with the Air Pump and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip $3.00)

#36 MARCH 1980 Why did The Crevasse take Jeannelle? For the answer read the Schuiten Bros. strip Plus Corben Matena Moebius and Lee Marrs's Good Vibrations ($3.00)

#37/APRIL 1980 Our third anniversary issue — thirty-two pages of "Champakou" in living color the final installment of Moebius's Airtight Garage, plus Caza, Bilal Howarth Corben Bode and more ($3.00)

#38/MAY 1980 Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will Champakou reach the Dor of Jada? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn too? Take a look We'll never tell ($3.00

#39/JUNE 1980 Champakou meets his fate, while Captain Stamp saves the day And in their revenge the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth! ($3.00)

#40/JULY 1980: The Alchemist Supreme continues with Axle learning the truth about his sidekick Musky Bilal's "Progress" begins and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave" $3.00)

#41/AUGUST 1980 Druillet returns with the first installment of Salammbo while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed) Bilal continues "Progress" $3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER 1980: The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Bilal's "Progress" picks up steam Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner and Leo Duranona all contribute nifty shorts while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet ($3.00)

#43/OCTOBER 1980: Our Special Rock Issue packed with goodies by McKie Moebius, Voss, Spain Druillet Yeates Ha Howarth Kierkegaard Jr. Colon and Matena and not to be missed! $3.00)

#44/NOVEMBER 1980: With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze, this issue's cover, by Hajime Sorayama, is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett, and Bilal. ($3.00)

#45/DECEMBER 1980: Premiering Corben's illustrated "Bloodstar." Crepax's Valentina and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Reality, Papa?" Plus "The Cutter of the Fog," "Rock Opera," and Moebius' ($3.00)

#46/JANUARY 1981: Jeronaton returns with "Woman." Don Wood makes his *HM* debut with "Bang, Hah." Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mezières, and "Rock Opera." Moebius tells us "There Is a Prince Charming on Phenixon!" Don't miss it! ($3.00)

#47/FEBRUARY 1981: William S. Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense," while "The Horny Goof," an inimitable Moebius character, gets himself in and outa trouble. Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's *Yesterday's Lily* and an interview with the man himself. ($3.00)

#48/MARCH 1981: "Tex Arcana," John Findley's epic Western, begins. "What Is Reality, Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue, and Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbo* comes to an end. Plus, Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America. ($3.00)

#49/APRIL 1981: Art and the Nazis. Corben's "Bloodstar." Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stones from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera. Didn't think we could do it in one shot, did ya? ($3.00)

#50/MAY 1981: The premiere of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fete." Plus Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and a William S. Burroughs piece on immortality. ($3.00)

#51/JUNE 1981: The first instalment of the Richard Corben interview in view, Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, and Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus, Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and our own John Workman! ($3.00)

#52/JULY 1981: Stephen King terrifies with "The Blue Air Compressor." Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* continues, while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup girl wraps it all up. ($3.00)

#53/AUGUST 1981: Spinrad on the Immoral Majority; the third part of the Corben interview, plus a sixteen page pullout section on the making of the *Heavy Metal* movie. ($3.00)

#54/SEPTEMBER 1981: Richard Corben's "Den II." Jeff Jones's "I'm Age." Juan Giménez's "Infantrymen! Infantrymen!," and Tim Lucas's interview with the masters of horror. ($3.00)

#55/OCTOBER 1981: "Shakespeare for Americans," the first episode of Segrelles's "Mercenary," a gallery section devoted to Philippe Druillet; plus Jeff Jones, Enki Bilal, and Steranko. ($3.00)

#56/NOVEMBER 1981: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully. ($3.00)

#57/DECEMBER 1981: Strange encounters with Debbie Harry, Jeffrey Jones, Segrelles, and Corben. Plus the odd ending to "The Immortals' Fete." ($3.00)

#58/JANUARY 1982: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Ha, and Gillon, and "The Autonomous Man," by Davis, Chudnow, and Balfour. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, Steranko, et al. ($3.00)

#59/FEBRUARY 1982: Begins with the further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's Gideon Faust gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten, et al. ($3.00)

#60/MARCH 1982: Our second Special Rock Issue, featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova II" begins. Elliott Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult. Plus our regulars, "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc. Enjoy. ($3.00)

HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM 4-82
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	Price
	May 1977	$4.00
	June 1977	$3.00
	July 1977	$3.00
	Aug. 1977	$3.00
	Sept. 1977	$3.00
	Oct. 1977	$3.00
	Nov. 1977	$3.00
	Dec. 1977	$3.00
	Jan. 1978	$3.00
	Feb. 1978	$3.00
	Mar. 1978	$3.00
	Apr. 1978	$3.00
	May 1978	$3.00
	June 1978	$3.00
	July 1978	$3.00
	Sept. 1978	$3.00
	Oct. 1978	$3.00
	Nov. 1978	$3.00
	Dec. 1978	$3.00
	Jan. 1979	$3.00
	Feb. 1979	$3.00
	Mar. 1979	$3.00
	Apr. 1979	$3.00
	May 1979	$3.00
	June 1979	$3.00
	July 1979	$3.00
	Aug. 1979	$3.00
	Sept. 1979	$3.00
	Oct. 1979	$3.00
	Nov. 1979	$3.00
	Dec. 1979	$3.00
	Jan. 1980	$3.00
	Feb. 1980	$3.00
	Mar. 1980	$3.00
	Apr. 1980	$3.00
	May 1980	$3.00
	June 1980	$3.00
	July 1980	$3.00
	Aug. 1980	$3.00
	Sept. 1980	$3.00
	Oct. 1980	$3.00
	Nov. 1980	$3.00
	Dec. 1980	$3.00
	Jan. 1981	$3.00
	Feb. 1981	$3.00
	Mar. 1981	$3.00
	Apr. 1981	$3.00
	May 1981	$3.00
	June 1981	$3.00
	July 1981	$3.00
	Aug. 1981	$3.00
	Sept. 1981	$3.00
	Oct. 1981	$3.00
	Nov. 1981	$3.00
	Dec. 1981	$3.00
	Jan. 1982	$3.00
	Feb. 1982	$3.00
	Mar. 1982	$3.00

I've enclosed a total of $ _____
This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling. All issues are mailed in protective covering.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

For just $5.50 you get our old standby—a white vinyl binder with a picture of a naked girl and a ghoulish monster. Or our new, more sophisticated black "Naugahyde" binder with silver letters, for just $5.95. Each can be obtained chock full o' back issues (January through December of 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, are $26.00 each), or empty, which doubles real nicely as a Sunday dress-up hat!
HEAVY METAL

HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM 4-82
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	Price
	Ol' standby binder	$5.50
	New sophisticated binder	$5.95
	Ol' standby with issues (list each year you would like)	$26 plus $1 postage and handling
	New sophisticated with issues (list each year you would like)	$26 plus $1 postage and handling

I've enclosed a total of $ _____
This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling.

Name _____

[redacted] _____

_____

City _____

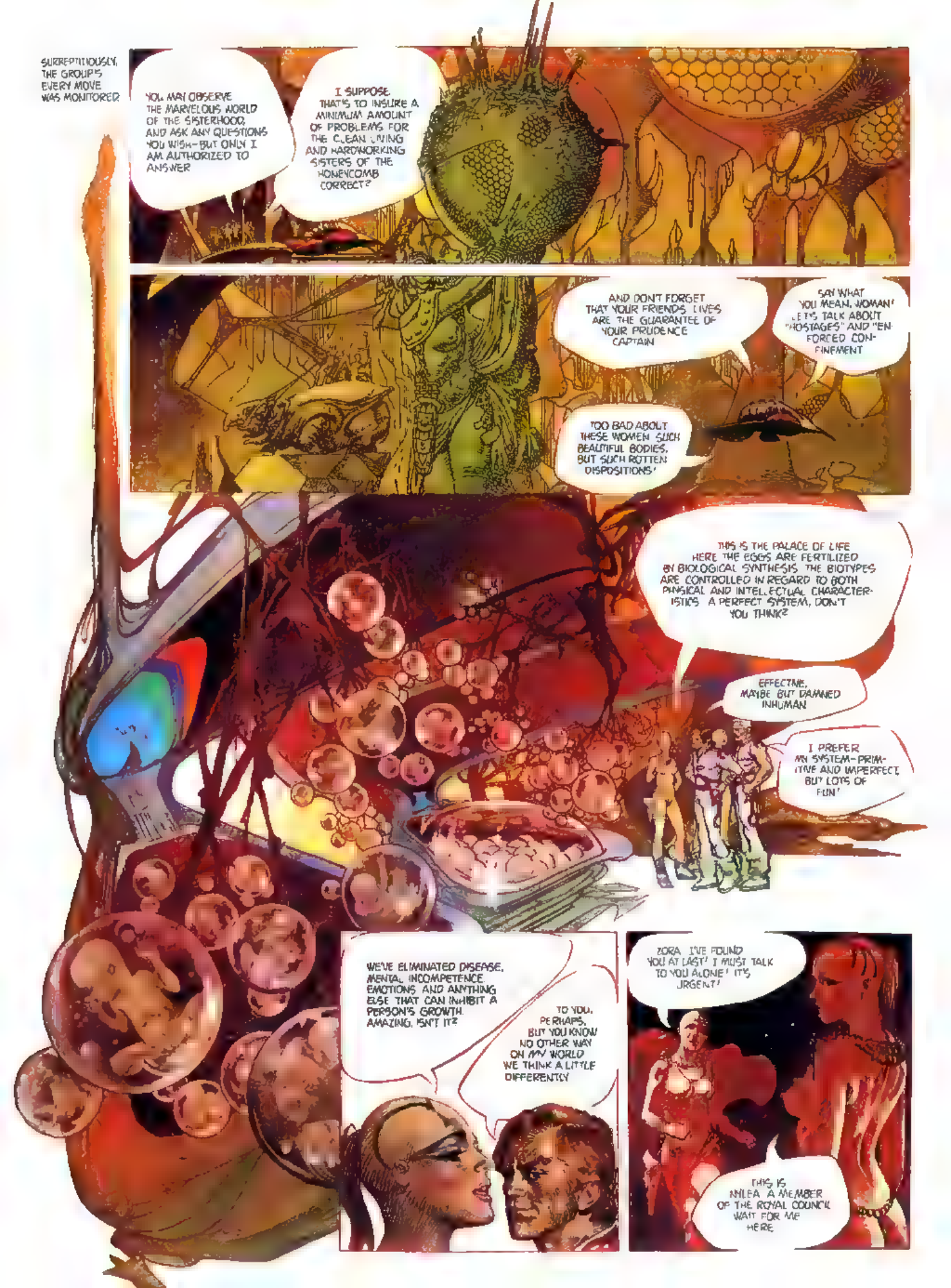
State _____ Zip _____

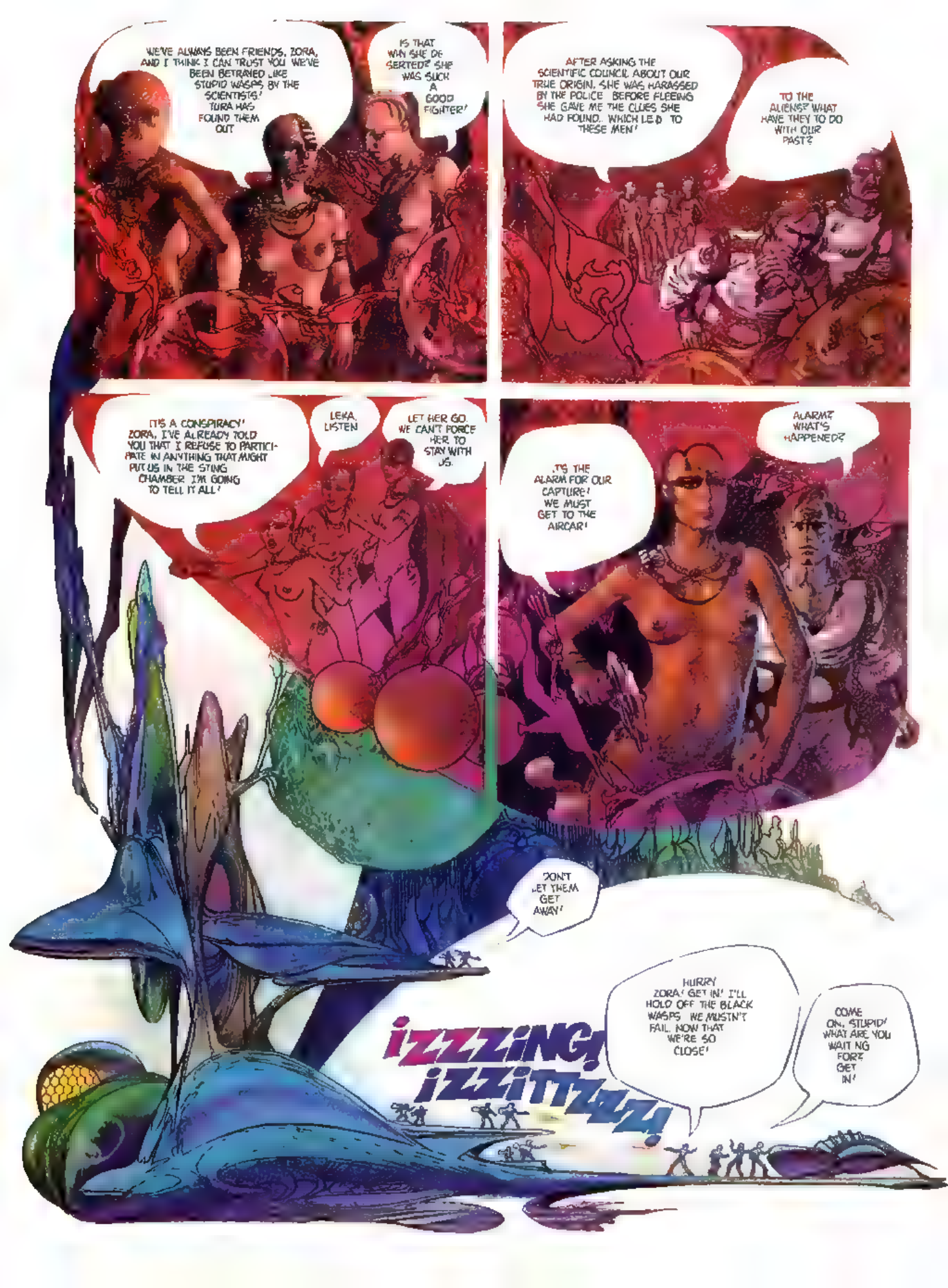
If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

THE TRANSFERENCE OF THE HIBERNAUTS WENT OFF WITHOUT A HITCH. SHORTLY AFTERWARD, THE COMMAND TO RETURN TO HONEYCOMB CAME THROUGH.
!VRRROOOM!
YOU HAVE A BRILLIANT CAREER AHEAD OF YOU, ZORA. WHY RISK IT BY DISOBEYING ORDERS? WE SHOULD'VE ELIMINATED THE ALIENS IN THE LABORATORY IMMEDIATELY. THE ROYAL COUNCIL IS INCLINED TO DEAL HARSHLY WITH YOUR INSUBORDINATION— ESPECIALLY AFTER TURA'S DESERTION.
LIEUTENANT LEKA. THE COUNCIL WILL THANK ME YET FOR NOT HAVING KILLED THOSE MEN. YOU'LL SEE.
ZORA
I'M SURE YOU'VE GOT YOUR REASONS, BUT KEEP MY NAME OUT OF YOUR REPORT. I REFUSE TO SHARE THE RESPONSIBILITY.
NATURALLY. I'LL TAKE THE RISK, AND I'LL GET THE CREDIT. THE OLD LABORATORY ON THE MOON REACTIVATED THE HIBERNAUTS A VERY SHORT TIME AGO— THAT'S HOW WE CAN TRACE THEM.
Fernandez ©
STORY AND ART FERNANDO FERNANDEZ

BUT IT'S BEEN SEALED UP FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS! I MUST FIND OUT WHY!
YOU SHOULDN'T
SKILFULLY, ZORA MANIPULATED THE CAPSULE'S CONTROL MECHANISMS, ACCELERATING THE FINAL PHASE OF RESUSCITATION
WHY HAVE YOU CHOSEN THIS SPECIMEN?
AN IMPULSE I ASSUME THEY'RE ALL THE SAME
HOW WELL I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN WASHED UP ON A BEACH SOME WHERE WHERE AM I?
YOU'VE LEARNED OUR LANGUAGE HOW? AND WHO ARE YOU?
ASTRONAUT COMMANDER AMON, ON A SPECIAL MISSION FOR THE EARTH SCIENTIFIC COUNCIL MY ORDERS PROHIBIT ME FROM TELLING YOU MORE
EARTH? AND WHAT ORDERS ARE THEY? TO ATTACK US PERHAPS?
ATTACK? YOU? WHAT? I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHAT YEAR THIS IS WHO YOU ARE OR WHERE WE'RE GOING
I'M CAPTAIN ZORA AND WE'RE ABOUT TO ARRIVE ON THE HONEYCOMB
I ASSURE YOU CAPTAIN ZORA, THAT NEITHER I NOR MY MEN KNEW OF YOUR EXISTENCE

ZORA LET THE MATTER DROP BUT GRANTED THE MAN'S REQUEST TO RESUSC TATE ANOTHER OF HIS CREW
INCREDIBLE COMMANDER! WE WERE PUT TO SLEEP DURING A DEVASTATING WAR AND WHERE HAVE WE AWAKENED?
N PARADISE SURROUNDED BY WOMEN RIGHT BRONCO? ONLY THEYRE ARMED...
THE ROYAL COUNCIL LISTENED TO ZORA'S REPORT TO HER ASTONISHMENT AND TO LEKA'S - SHE WAS NEITHER CONGRATULATED NOR CONDEMNED FOR HER ACTIONS SHE WAS TOLD ONLY THAT THE ALIENS HAD BEEN GRANTED AN AUDIENCE WITH THE QUEEN
I AM RASAM SUPREME SISTER OF THE SISTERHOOD AND QUEEN OF THE HONEYCOMB I AM TOLD YOU CLAIM TO BE OF EARTH
IT'S NOT JUST A CLAIM, MAJESTY WE ARE OFFICERS OF THE NORTHERN ARMY OF EARTH WE HAVE PROOF
VERY WELL, "EARTH MEN" YOU ARE NOW THE HONORED GUESTS OF HONEY-COMB.
CAPTAIN ZORA WILL BE IN CHARGE OF SHOWING YOU OUR WORLD I PERSONALLY WILL ATTEND TO YOUR COMPANIONS
YOUR MAJESTY OUR SCIENTIFIC AND SECURITY DEPARTMENTS ARE VERIFYING THIS
BE THOROUGH BUT DISCRETE SHARTA SECURITY KEY A4


SURREPTITIOUSLY, THE GROUP'S EVERY MOVE WAS MONITORED
YOU MAY OBSERVE THE MARVELOUS WORLD OF THE SISTERHOOD, AND ASK ANY QUESTIONS YOU WISH—BUT ONLY I AM AUTHORIZED TO ANSWER
I SUPPOSE THAT'S TO INSURE A MINIMUM AMOUNT OF PROBLEMS FOR THE CLEAN LIVING AND HARDWORKING SISTERS OF THE HONEYCOMB CORRECT?
AND DON'T FORGET THAT YOUR FRIENDS' LIVES ARE THE GUARANTEE OF YOUR PRUDENCE CAPTAIN
SAY WHAT YOU MEAN, WOMAN! LET'S TALK ABOUT "HOSTAGES" AND "ENFORCED CONFINEMENT"
TOO BAD ABOUT THESE WOMEN SUCH BEAUTIFUL BODIES, BUT SUCH ROTTEN DISPOSITIONS!
THIS IS THE PALACE OF LIFE HERE THE EGGS ARE FERTILIZED BY BIOLOGICAL SYNTHESIS THE BIOTYPES ARE CONTROLLED IN REGARD TO BOTH PHYSICAL AND INTELLECTUAL CHARACTERISTICS A PERFECT SYSTEM, DON'T YOU THINK?
EFFECTIVE, MAYBE BUT DAMNED INHUMAN
I PREFER AN SYSTEM—PRIMITIVE AND IMPERFECT, BUT LOTS OF FUN!
WE'VE ELIMINATED DISEASE, MENTAL INCOMPETENCE EMOTIONS AND ANYTHING ELSE THAT CAN INHIBIT A PERSON'S GROWTH. AMAZING, ISN'T IT?
TO YOU, PERHAPS, BUT YOU KNOW NO OTHER WAY ON MY WORLD WE THINK A LITTLE DIFFERENTLY
ZORA I'VE FOUND YOU AT LAST! I MUST TALK TO YOU ALONE! IT'S URGENT!
THIS IS ANLEA A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COUNCIL WAIT FOR ME HERE

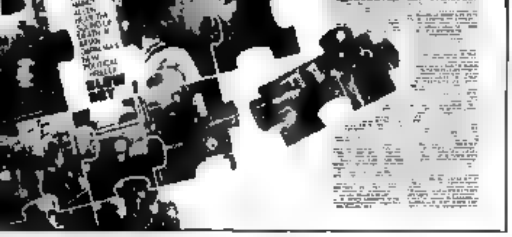

WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN FRIENDS, ZORA, AND I THINK I CAN TRUST YOU. WE'VE BEEN BETRAYED LIKE STUPID WASPS BY THE SCIENTISTS! TURA HAS FOUND THEM OUT
IS THAT WHY SHE DESERTED? SHE WAS SUCH A GOOD FIGHTER!
AFTER ASKING THE SCIENTIFIC COUNCIL ABOUT OUR TRUE ORIGIN, SHE WAS HARASSED BY THE POLICE. BEFORE FLEEING SHE GAVE ME THE CLUES SHE HAD FOUND, WHICH LED TO THESE MEN!
TO THE ALIENS? WHAT HAVE THEY TO DO WITH OUR PAST?
IT'S A CONSPIRACY! ZORA, I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU THAT I REFUSE TO PARTICIPATE IN ANYTHING THAT MIGHT PUT US IN THE STING CHAMBER. I'M GOING TO TELL IT ALL!
LEKA, LISTEN
LET HER GO. WE CAN'T FORCE HER TO STAY WITH US.
ALARM? WHAT'S HAPPENED?
IT'S THE ALARM FOR OUR CAPTURE! WE MUST GET TO THE AIRCAR!
DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!
HURRY ZORA! GET IN! I'LL HOLD OFF THE BLACK WASPS. WE MUSTN'T FAIL. NOW THAT WE'RE SO CLOSE!
COME ON, STUPID! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? GET IN!
IZZZING! IZZITTZZZ!

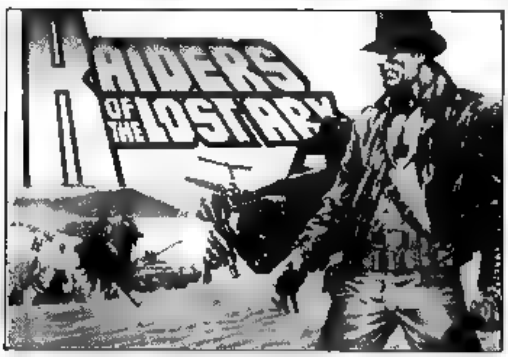
THEY HAVEN'T DEPLOYED THE CAPTURE-NET YET!
WE SHOULD SAVE THE OTHER EARTHMEN!
FFFLAAAT!
MEANWHILE, LEKA DENOUNCES ZORA AND NYLEA
YOU SAY YOU HEARD THE HERETIC NYLEA CLAIM THAT THE ALIENS WERE INSTRUMENTAL IN OUR ORIGIN?
GUARDS, ARREST LIEUTENANT LEKA FOR HIGH TREASON!
BUT SHARTA, YOU'RE MISTAKEN!
THAT'S TRUE, SUPREME ENFORCER I CAME TO YOU BECAUSE I COULD RESTRAIN MYSELF NO LONGER. THEY'VE ALREADY BEEN ARRESTED BY YOUR AGENTS
THE POOR IMBECILE DOESN'T SUSPECT THE IMPORTANCE OF WHAT SHE KNOWS I MUST CLEAN UP THE MESSY BUSINESS THAT TURA STARTED BEFORE I GIVE THE QUEEN AN EXCUSE TO HAVE MY HEAD!
LOOK! THEY'VE ARRESTED LEKA, EVEN THOUGH SHE'S BETRAYED US!
LEAVE HER BE. SHE WAS TOO WEAK. WE MUST JOIN THE EARTHMEN IN THE PROTECTED ZONE. LET'S GO.
RAP.

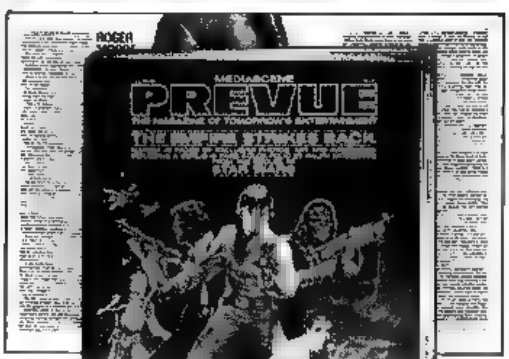
GOOD. THEY'RE STILL HERE! AMON, ORDER THEM TO FOLLOW US
TARON, AZUB, ORKA, AND THE REST OF YOU- THEY'VE PREPARED A GOING-AWAY PARTY FOR US! LET'S GO!
MY GOD! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM? THEIR EXPRESSIONS. THEIR EYES!
WE'RE TOO LATE! RAGAM HAS WIPED THEIR MINDS AND TAKEN CONTROL OF THEIR BODIES! THE PROCESS IS IRREVERSIBLE!
NO. DON'T KILL THEM! THEY ARE STILL MY MEN. ONE DAY I'LL RETURN AND MAKE THE QUEEN PAY FOR WHAT SHE'S DONE TO THEM.
WHOPP!
THE QUEEN AND HER MINIONS HAVE MUCH WORSE CRIMES TO PAY FOR, AMON
ZORA WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED AGAIN! WHERE TO NOW?
THERE THEY ARE FIRE!
BANG!
TO THE SPACE-PORT- QUICK!
WAIT! THERE'S A WOUNDED SOLDIER UP THERE
ZONG!

LEKA, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?
I ESCAPED FROM THE STING CHAMBER, WHERE SHARYA HAD ME LOCKED UP. I'M FINISHED, BUT I CAN STILL HELP YOU. GET AWAY. RUN!
ZZZING! ZZZZUMM!
LEKA'S SACRIFICE GIVES THEM ENOUGH TIME TO BOARD A SHIP
LEKA REGAINED HER LOST HONOR
ZORA, IT'S OBVIOUS OUR HONOR CODE IS WORTHLESS!
I'D LIKE TO HAVE A "MEANINGFUL DIALOGUE" WITH THESE BITCHES IN ORDER TO CLEAR UP A FEW MISCONCEPTIONS
ZORA AND ANLEA KNEW ALMOST NOTHING ABOUT THE EARTH - OTHER THAN THAT IT WAS AN INHOSPITABLE AND CONTAMINATED WORLD, WHERE NO HUMAN COULD SURVIVE FOR MORE THAN A FEW MONTHS. IT WAS INHABITED ONLY BY MUTANTS - MONSTROUSLY DEGENERATE LIFE-FORMS
OUTSIDE OF HONEYCOMB, OLD EARTH IS THE ONLY PLACE WE CAN HIDE - THE SHIP CAN GET US NOWHERE ELSE
HOME TO EARTH. IT IS, THEN.
ANOTHER DAY, ROB, AND ANOTHER STRANGE DREAM, IN WHICH MEN LIKE MYSELF RETURN FROM AN IMPOSSIBLE TIME TO THE MOTHER EARTH. AND YOUR DREAMS, ROB, SOMETIMES FORETELL THE FUTURE
WHROOOM!
Fernandez

TO BE CONTINUED







PREVUE HAS IT FIRST

PREVUE *is* entertainment! From cinema to comics, from TV to theatre, **PREVUE** is the only publication that explores the worlds of science fiction, fantasy, horror action and adventure with accurate, compel ing and provocative coverage in ADVANCE OF THE EVENT!

Exclusives are the rule, not the exception, as **PREVUE** focuses on film, fiction, TV art and media entertainment weeks, months and even years ahead of release.

PREVUE was the first magazine to cover **Conan, Bladerunner, Star Wars, The Empire Strikes Back, Raiders of the Lost Ark, Superman I** and **II, Tron, Dragonslayer, Creepshow, CE3K, Alien** and dozens of others

Every issue is packed from cover to cover with the most up-to-date news, photos, art and articles available anywhere **PREVUE** not only reveals what you'll be watching, reading and listening to in the future, it also provides the kind of special insight guaranteed to heighten each entertainment experience.

PREVUE always goes to the source, to the people who make the news, for incisive, in-depth interviews on hundreds of new projects, performances and personalities The past few issues have featured revealing, behind-the-scenes close-ups of such stars as Harrison Ford, Bo Derek, Sean Connery Morgan Fairchild, Arnold Schwarzenegger Jane Seymour, Roger Moore, Jamie Lee Curtis and Nancy Allen **PREVUE** readers have confronted today's hottest creators, including Steven Spielberg, John Landis, George Lucas, John Carpenter, Robert Altman, Stephen King, Harlan Ellison, David Cronenberg, George Romero, and Frank Frazetta.

PREVUE has scooped every publication that specializes in entertainment with factual, evocative on-the-spot reporting that is frequently the *most definitive* written about the subject *without reprints, rewrites or rehash!*

Best of all **PREVUE** gives its readers MORE for for their money Its big, oversize 9x12" format affords almost 20 percent MORE material than standard magazines. The quality of the cover and interior stock exceeds that of most major publications, ideally showcasing some of the most imaginative graphics, eye-popping pictorials and innovative typography printed today

There's even more! Previous issues have featured giant 12x36" Double Gatefold Center spreads, 40-page Animated Flipbooks, Full-color Pull-out Poster Books. Bonus Insert Posters 20-page Film Preview Photobooks and 16-page Color Art Portfolios—at NO EXTRA COST!

In addition, every issue features columns on films, books music and media technology

PREVUE is produced by award-winning artist and writer Jim Steranko whose editorial concept combines blockbuster entertainment events with a unique imaginative presentation Every issue is a kaleidoscope of wonder designed for those who take their entertainment seriously

The magazine speaks for itself Word for word, feature for feature, page for page, compare **PREVUE** with any other publication like it, and you'll see its *real value*

PREVUE is not a wordy technical journal or a noisy gossip rag but a quality magazine that treats its subject matter with intelligence, affection honesty and humor

If those qualities meet your criteria and taste, **PREVUE** is your kind of magazine.

PREVUE is available at the lowest subscription rates ever offered Simply fill out the form below and send to: **PREVUE / BOX 48 / READING PA / 19603** If it's not everything we say it is, cancel your subscription at any time!

- ☐ $14.00 for a one-year subscription—and SAVE $3.70!
- ☐ $2.95 plus .50 postage for the Current Issue ONLY!
- ☐ $15.50 All Foreign Subs - payment in US funds by International Money Order only

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE / ZIP

Allow 6-8 weeks for your first issue to arrive

DOSSIER

PRISON READING

In this corner, wearing black suit, black cowboy boots, black tie, and black bushy mustache—PhD, lawyer, ex-government agent, convicted burglar, wiretapper, author (but no stoolie)—G. Gordon Liddy.

And in this corner, the challenger, wearing psychedelic suit, dilated eyeballs, and shit-eating grin—ex-Columbia professor with PhD in clinical psychology, the man who turned the world on to LSD 25, author, convicted drug taker, and poet who coined the blank verse poem Turn On Turn In Drop Out—*Timothy Leary*

Tim Leary and G. Gordon Liddy are traveling together across America to debate the world's problems before thousands of impressionable college students. Can it be true? Yes, and the odds are on even money for this year's flashiest, mobile feast of the mind.

Sixteen months ago Liddy met Leary for the first time, but the conditions for their first encounter were a bit strained, to say the least. Liddy, working for the Dutchess County District Attorney's office, appeared along with a shitload of sheriffs at Leary's Millbrook estate in hopes of finding the largest supply of LSD ever. As the cops spread out, rounding up Leary's disciples from their rooms (some of them in very embarrassing situations), Liddy confronted Leary. As he and his wife descended the staircase barely clad, Leary asked, "Would someone mind telling me what is going on?" Liddy was there to do just that—to make sure the bust was entirely legal so as not to give the opposition any legal loopholes in court, and also to question Leary. After Liddy found old Tim a pair of pants and read him his rights, Leary decided to remain silent and seek counsel. Liddy said fine. Seeing that Liddy was quite civilized about the whole thing, and intrigued by this civil Philistine (as Leary called Liddy), they verbally sparred for a while before they called it a draw. Just passing ships in the night, both Leary and Liddy were bound for bigger and better adventures. Viet Nam, Nixon, Watergate, sex and drugs, ah, the good old days. Boy, things were exciting then, even if you got caught it was well worth it.

So what are the two ex-cons going to do now? They still have mouths to feed, bills to pay, for one, dope to buy, the other, ammo. "Hey, Tim, let's put on a show!" "Golly, G. Gordon, it sounds like a swell idea."

And to honor this great meeting of the minds, *Heavy Metal* offers Timothy Leary's and G. Gordon Liddy's *Fantasy Prison Readings Lists (or What To Do on a Rainy Day Behind Bars)* as told to Dags McNeil.

G. GORDON LIDDY'S RECOMMENDED READING LIST

("I read most of this stuff in prison when I had more time to kill. Now I'm reading mostly nonfiction.")

Dune, by Frank Herbert—Epic fantasy marked by creative consistence, mysticism, and adventure.

Slan, by A. E. Van Vogt—A human tale in which human insights are revealed through the perceptions of nonhumans.

Out of Control, by G. Gordon Liddy—a spy thriller which realistically portrays the intellect and spirit of woman, but then I'm prejudiced, I wrote it.

The Light That Failed, by Rudyard Kipling—Kipling was a man at one with his time.

Atlas Shrugged, by Ayn Rand—Rand writes without illusion.

Arc de Triomphe, by Erich Maria Remarque—The real triumph was that of human spirit in a time of darkness.

Idylls of the King, by Alfred, Lord Tennyson (from *Le Morte D'Arthur*, by Sir Thomas Malory)—See *Dune*, but in *this* world at another time and in poetry.

The Big Sleep, by Raymond Chandler—Chandler knew the human condition and could find and depict honor among shades of gray.

God Is an Englishman, by R. H. Delderfield—A marriage of venture capitalism and romance which works splendidly.

Catcher in the Rye, by J. D. Salinger—Everyman was first Everyboy.

TIMOTHY LEARY'S RECOMMENDED READING LIST

Divine Comedy, by Dante—Encyclopedic epic which summarizes the world view of the Middle Ages, written by an exile in praise of women.

Huckleberry Finn, by Mark Twain—The rowdy, comic, irreverent American bible about a trip down the river of life by two young outlaws engaged in a criminal caper to free a slave.

Ulysses, by James Joyce—This is the most important book in the English language. It did for language what Einstein did for physics. Relativistic, evolutionary, and ultimately funny.

Gravity's Rainbow, by Thomas Pynchon—The great American writer of the twentieth century has written a classic comic psychological encyclopedia.

Cat's Cradle, by Kurt Vonnegut—A terrific book by a wonderful, witty philosopher.

Childhood's End, by Arthur C. Clarke—An amazing prophecy about higher intelligence and a baby-boom generation that leads the planet to mutate into the future.

Changing My Mind, Among Others, by Timothy Leary—Collected life writings selected and introduced by the author. A scientific philosophy of human evolution.

2080, by Gerard O'Neil—The architect of space migration describes how our species will move into the high frontier.

Tim's list is a little bit shorter because he didn't have to wait for a Presidential Pardon as G. Gordon did; the Weathermen busted him out of some California prison and helped him flee to Algeria.

You might wonder how the two get along these days. Of Leary, Liddy says, "He has a wonderful Irish wit and doesn't take himself too seriously which makes the debates a lot of fun, although we are 180 degrees opposed on most issues. I tried to do this debating thing with Daniel Ellsberg but he took himself more serious than God. It didn't work out. But I'm having a lot of fun with it now."

On Liddy, Leary says, "He is an intelligent, courageous, sincere reactionary. I admire him, although we disagree on every social or philosophical issue. G. Gordon Liddy has mellowed a lot from the Millbrook days." Gentlemen, shake hands, go to your corners and at the bell, come out fighting!

—Legs McNeil

Illustration by Alan Lynch

IM-PRISONED

When *The Prisoner* first appeared nearly fifteen years ago, it was hailed as a major conceptual breakthrough in television programming. Cloaked under the scant pretext of a secret agent mysteriously being whisked away to some bizarre island called the Village for interrogation, internment, and rehabilitation, the show incorporated intellectual substance as well as action. Writer-director-lead actor Patrick McGoohan had everybody fooled, since it was released in the late '60s all its fans—incipient hippies, marveled at what seemed to be a trenchant critique on society. It was later learned that McGoohan was actually expressing his own ultraconservative views. But that was the magic of the show, a magic which continues now with the continuing surge of Prisoner fans forever hungering for reruns. Currently it has become an obsession of VTC fans the world over to have the tapes bootlegged.

Apparently, the North American serial rights were sold so sixteen of the seventeen episodes have been transferred to 120-minute video tapes and can be obtained by contacting Jerry Ohlinger's Movie Material, 120 W. 3rd St., New York, NY 10012 (212/674-8474). Or try Forbidden Planet, 821 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003 (212/473-1576). And remember, you are not a number, you are a free man.

— Brad Balfour

Photograph by William Coupon

Daryl Hall

Funny guys these whiteskins. Whether motivated by racial guilt-pangs or just a morbidly perverse irony, we palefaces have reupholstered the cultural furniture of a simultaneously repressed racial minority for a good sixty years, usually passing the stuff off as our own.

But take heart, honkies. While spades might be superior pop-music makers and all-around cool guys setting styles, devising dances, introducing clever neologisms into the language—they don't got it *all*. Like they don't seem to understand rock'n'roll (with a couple of major exceptions Chuck Berry and Jimi Hendrix) Rock is essentially ofay music—or more correctly, whites attempting black music, but creating something new because we just *ain't* kneegrows. Art, if at all honest, reflects experience: it incorporates and builds on acquired traits, not merely duplicates them. But that doesn't stop whitey from trying.

They useta call it "blue-eyed soul," and they useta call Hall & Oates the '70s Righteous Brothers. While *Private Eyes* (RCA) won't change any minds, it does serve up a happy heaping helping of snappy pop soul tunes. Daryl Hall's got the pipes (muscular yet compassionate), and together Hall and John Oates apply silken textures and melodic inevitability in an approximation of Philadelphia soul that's damn near good enough to pass.

Talking Heads' preppie rhythm twins Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz know the moves almost as well as Hall & Oates. Their monstrously successful LP of omni-racial dance-club fodder, *Tom Tom Club* (Sire), suavely impersonates vinyl of the disco-rap subgenre, adding an eccentric egghead veneer to dupe unsuspecting new wavers into dancing. But you gotta wake up *early* to fool old Lou. Forget the swell sound tricks and appealing naivete—one dumbass line like, "Who needs to think when your feet just go?" (from "Genius of Love") is enough to curl my lip.

Lucky for the stomach, neither of the preceding apes its black masters with quite the lobotomized obedience of Gino Soccio's *Closer* (RFC/Atlantic). Soccio, a Canadian disco-mortician of no audible merit, drains what little life-force remained in the old nag, and replaces it with a bloodless, soulless concoction, next to which Yoo-Hoo looks like Dom Perignon.

Shuffling southward, we encounter a trio of bleach-blond beach cuties who spread reggae seeds in a rock'n'roll field, and harvest bushels of cabbage. The Police's fourth album, *Ghost in the Machine* (A&M), offers the usual quality single-serving radio food without the roughage required for steady diets. It feels undercomposed, as though the boys weren't trying too hard, and figured they didn't have to. Normally, I wouldn't give much of a shit, but tantalizing weeds of musicianship and textural hypno-beat lead me to believe they're slumming.

British rock'n'roll doctors have been busy hatching a new musical subspecies: the post-new wave, psychedelic funk android (characteristics: enlarged cranium, no chin, and feet the size of Volkswagens). Newly extinct sourpusses Magazine established one of the breed's templates three years back, but somehow their exit, *Magic, Murder and the Weather* (IRS) sounds feeble next to last year's fave *the Correct Use of Soap* (Virgin/Atlantic, if you can still find it). Cheezy production and waking-dead performance torpedoes the tension between singer Howard Devoto's ironic reptile poseur and the songs' bouncy, juvenile Motownisms.

Medium Medium's debut, *the Ghitterhouse* (Cachalot/Cherry Red, dist. by Jem), courts the extremes of compelling black beat and sonic safari ism, instead of attempting a Magazine-like synthesis. And succeeds by excelling at both.

Hot items from the recent barrage of white-eats-black EPs include Tiny Desk Unit's *Naples* (9½ x 16" Records, 1737 De Sales Street #300, Washington, D.C. 20036), where bone crushing rhythm meets chattering synth behind a nasal moan, and Liquid Liquid's *Successive Reflexes* (99 Records, 99 MacDougal Street, New York, N.Y. 10012), in which previously restrained white beat boys finally let loose. Stinkers to avoid include the Bush Tetras' *Rituals* (Stiff), derivative oatmeal from a band that knows better (pick up Fetish import single "Boom"/"Das Ah Riot" for proof), and Pigbag's *Sunny Day* (Stiff), which demonstrates the uselessness of limey James Brown rewrites. As grandma used to say, "Beware of wolves in black sheep's clothing."

Lou Stathis

BLACK INTO WHITE

Ever since Diana Ross and the Supremes were immortalized in the "White Boys" parody-number from the '60s musical *Hair*, it's simply been a matter of time until black-on-white pop stylists would be glorified in an all-plastic American musical. Michael (*A Chorus Line*) Bennett's smash Broadway/Motown rip-off *Dreamgirls*—and its MOR original-cast album (Geffen Records)—takes up where "Baby Love" left off. It proves there never was an eleventh commandment that only blacks had soul.

Not only does *Dreamgirls* insist on being the Broadway musical of the '80s, but it also permanently identifies the whiteness in certain chocolate megastars. As demonstrated on her LP *Why Do Fools Fall In Love* (RCA Records), high-fashion airhead Diana Ross makes a smooth-and-tan composite of Barbra Streisand and Doris Day. The "EST"-inspired "Get The Message, It's Never Too Late" is Ross's version of "Ce Sera, Sera."

As for other black beauties . . . An all-in-one Kim Carnes/Britt Ekland/Stevie Nicks, old "Hot Legs" Tina Turner ranks as the first black honky-tonk blonde. On the *Endless Love* soundtrack (Polygram), the Commodores' dashing Lionel Ritchie has established himself as a better looking Billy Joel composer/performer of love song jingles with the fake inner-city delivery and emotional commitment of Tony Bennett, Daryl Hall, and Barry Manilow.

As for sex-and-love messiah/manchild, the crown goes to Stevie Wonder, our sweet lord of all ideas and religions. The prince of peace continues to spread his gospel through mindless R&B popsicles such as "That Girl" on the new *Stevie Wonder's Original Musiquarium* (Motown).

Meanwhile, Richard Pryor is the *toast* of Sunset Strip in his second concert movie which equals Lenny Bruce with genuine neurotic drug problems. Smokey Robinson is Frank Sinatra with talent and a voice to match. Prince is secretly Bruce Springsteen and not a Mick Jagger imitator, while Jimi Hendrix thought he was the real Keith Richard. And, the Jackson Five are the spiritual inheritors of the Beach Boys' party music.

—Daphne Davis

Guitar God-dom
Part Two

As bandleader and lead instrumentalist of Television Tom Verlaine initially made his mark as the first guitar god of new wave. His second solo album, *Dream Time* (Warner Bros.), features music that's slower at breaking the ice than was his first solo effort, but is the more calculated and cocky of the two. The overall sound is aerial without being lofty, hesitant without exposing artistic insecurity; and it showcases some of the most liberating choruses in rock. At its best, his guitar playing has the aura of a grand indulgence lifting even the most predictable four/four beat out of itself and into a hypnotic tour of tonalities. When he sings, "So Lara, I came to the water/Without a word on my breath," Verlaine weaves an anthemlike, mythopoetic metaphor for a vague sense of barrenness, thereby uniting all who have shared it into a familial tribe.

An act worthy of personal delivery, but this music's almost too noble for the rock-concert forum, where Verlaine often forsakes art in favor of his guitar-god image, ending each song on a ridiculously long crescendo.

—Timothy R. Lucas

The State of Science Fiction

I'm looking for tightrope walkers, searching for sf and fantasy writers who walk the line between commercial, escapist fiction and literature. I'm questing for the visionary adventure. This time, I've found Jack Vance, Philip Jose Farmer, and Nancy Kress.

Vance's latest, *The Book of Dreams* (DAW), is the final in the Demon Princes series. An elaborate tale of vengeance, this story tells of a manhunt in which the hunter has become nearly as cold-blooded as the infamous criminal he pursues. Indeed, Vance toys with our sympathies, by making the Demon Prince more colorful, more imaginative, and more *interesting* than the book's hero. As the story develops we are party to a fascinating insight into the origin of the villain's psychotic quest for absolute power. A number of distinct personalities—each with its own name, physical description, and personal history—take control of the Demon Prince. The Demon Prince's growing madness is documented with chilling believability. "Sympathy for the Devil" is good background music for this one. Vance never fails to make us question the nature of psychological reality. We can always rely on him to provide an interplanetary background that comes alive as suspense mounts from scene to scene. Vance walks the line without falling.

Philip Jose Farmer, on the other hand, falls off halfway across the tightrope—and into the vat of cheap pulps. In his glaringly symbolic *The Unreasoning Mask* (Putnam), Farmer's Arabic starship captain steals an artifact that leads him on a quest both mystic and political—revealing the two as one and the same.

The energy and fertility of invention bubbling throughout this book almost redeem its slapdash writing, uneven tone, and odious melodrama. Far more interested in conveying his variation on dream interpretation and Jungian symbolism than in skillfully entertaining us, Farmer divides his intentions when they should be neatly interwoven. Consequently neither his vision nor his adventure works. Living spaceships, which change shape according to aero- and aether-dynamic necessity, eccentric alien races, and bizarre interspecies sexual encounters *still* are not enough to relieve the headache brought on by stumbling syntax, muddy scene painting, and sheer self-indulgence.

Nancy Kress's *The Prince of Morning Bells* (Pocket Books) succeeds where Farmer fails. Her novel of an impulsive young princess's quest for the heart of the world develops winningly into an allegory of woman's search for personal identity and her role in the universe itself. Witty, endlessly diverting, and beautifully written, Kress's novel never throws too much meaning at us, yet never includes a scene that doesn't hum with quiet insights.

The setting of *The Prince of Morning Bells* is a classic medieval fantasy world, given new life with Kress's carefully interposed anachronisms and confident mix of modern viewpoint with Arthurian chivalry. She introduces what may intentionally be the *opposite*, the charming inverse, of Anne McCaffrey's dragons: the wigyns, mini-dragons two or three inches long, engaging but never too cute. In writing a genuine old-fashioned quest fantasy without getting all fuzzy-toed hobbity, Kress explores the dignity, resourcefulness, and intelligence of Woman.

—John Shirley

Heads or Tails

Through the '50s and '60s, the breast reigned as the main icon in the soft-core pornographer's collection of [illegible]. During the '70s and into the '80s, the breast was replaced by the ass as soft-core porn's most popular image. And the change in attention is dramatically represented in these four books: two on sex goddesses of the '50s and '60s and two on contemporary butts (with a few historical shots for perspective). But, out of the four, only one has any value as a book: Joel Oppenheimer's *Marilyn Lives* (Delilah).

In *Marilyn Lives*, *Village Voice* writer Oppenheimer turns his common sense and lucid prose to a subject that has been mined repeatedly. But his book does not so much demand comparison with others—such as Norman Mailer's biography—as it offers a shared appreciation. The book [illegible] to be the book on Marilyn Monroe. [illegible] can be read together as [illegible] that [illegible] myth.

[illegible] Oppenheimer treats Marilyn as much as a myth as a woman. Which is what Neal Peters and David Smith attempt to do in *Ann Margret* (Delilah). If they fail, it is not necessarily the lack of a good subject, for although Ann-Margret does not have the mythical presence of Marilyn Monroe, she is interesting as an extension of and variation on the sex-goddess myth at a transition point: when the goddess turned her back on us.

Ann-Margret presided as a sex symbol during the time when sex was becoming increasingly disconnected from procreation: the age of the Pill, the age of recreational sex. As one would expect, when sex became separated from its creation, those parts of the body that are connected to procreation would lose some sexual charge in favor of other parts of the body that are not connected to procreation.

During the '50s, when [illegible] Monroe reigned, the overexualized part of the body, breast, offered an icon of an obsession of the reproductive functions, what is denied after the act of procreation. Breasts, sexual or not, are meant to feed new life; they are emblems of the gift of life. Pin-ups teased, but they teased us with a source of food; and food, as Freud has taught us, is love.

Once sex was disconnected from procreation, the ass was eroticized. It was a sexually taboo area of the body. And, not only was it not an emblem of nurturing, it was in fact the opposite of that function. It [illegible] waste.

And it is a sign of how much sexuality has moved away from its connection to procreation that the other two books—*Butt Book* (Delilah, with an essay by Nicholas Fox Weber) and *Butts Calendar Project*—are so [illegible]. Both are [illegible] ically well done. Butt is very well done by the book's creator, Christie Jenkins, but both exist a sexuality that trembles on the edge of anger and violence. Traditionally, just as breasts are associated with nourishment and nourishment is associated with love, the buttocks are associated with punishment. Our sexuality in America has become a function of punishment. And, like medieval martyrs who scourged themselves, we use our sexuality to punish and purify ourselves for doing what we cannot help but do.

—David Black

SPECIALLY EFFECTIVE

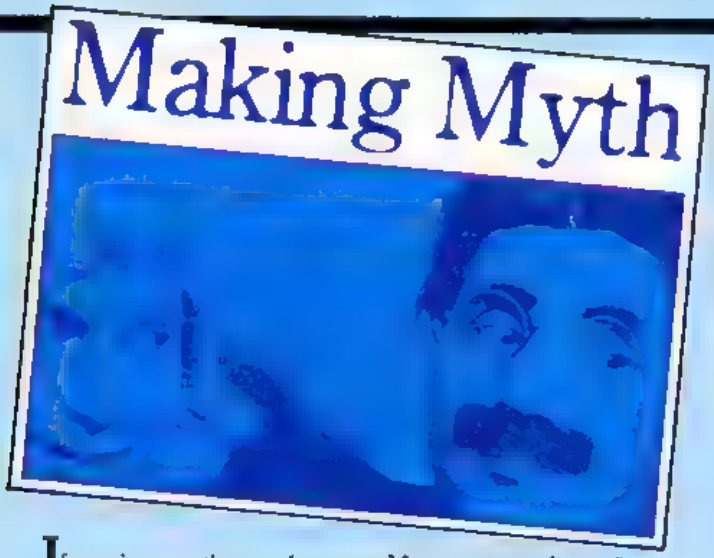
Traveling mattes, motion control systems, and other special-effect techniques haven't replaced Harrison Ford on the cover of *People*, but the enthusiastic interest in the subject justifies a 184-page how they do it book entitled *Special Effects in the Movies* (Ballantine). John Culhane explains how explosives, makeup, miniatures, and opticals are used to create or destroy monsters, muppets, and planets. Though Culhane's often oversimplified explanations suggest to the reader that they have arrived at the Universal Studios tour, there is probably no better introduction to the subject than this book. There's a possibility that anyone with a serious interest in effects will know most of the personalities and techniques described, but there are hundreds of little surprises in this well-designed volume that make it a well-worth-it encyclopedia to have tucked between your copies of *The Movies* and *The Making of 2001*.

In his bibliography, Culhane lists *Cinefex* among his sources. A quarterly devoted exclusively to special effects, *Cinefex* contains no editorials, letters or reviews, and is almost academian in its approach. Despite the no-frills format it manages, within its supposed narrow subject, to explore the workings of film in total. I learned more about the making of *Altered States*, *Caveman*, and *Star Trek the Motion Picture* from the people creating the effects than from any other source in print. The producers and directors are almost never interviewed in *Cinefex* and by concentrating on the specialist's problems (technical, political, and financial), it cuts through the bullshit generated by studio PR machines. It's like checking out what makes an oil company work by going to the rigs instead of corporate headquarters. *Cinefex* is unquestionably the best source of information on special effects for the serious fan.

(For subscription and back issue information—*Cinefex*, Box 20027, Riverside, CA. 92516.)

—Michael Gross
(Associate Producer, *Heavy Metal*, the Film.)

Making Myth



If movies are the secular religion of America, or at least the new mythology, then film reference books become either the bibles or the concordances of the age. Previously confined to a readership of film historians, critics, and serious buffs, these volumes have become useful even to people who see most of their films on television.

●

James Monaco's *Who's Who in American Film Now* (New York Zoetrope) subdivides the American film industry into its various professions: writers, producers, actors, tx cinematographers—the bunch—and provides a credited alphabetical listing in each category. Both Monaco—a media studies professor at the New School and a prolific author on film (*The French New Wave*, *Alain Renais*, *How to Read a Film*)—and his publishing house, New York Zoetrope, have made strides in popularizing cinema studies.

●

Who Played Who in the Movies, by Roy Pickard (Schocken), answers the question "How many actors have played Jesse James?" or for that matter Napoleon, Baby Face Nelson, and/or Jesus Christ. With its listing of screen characters (in each case followed by a brief description of person and then a chronological compendium of the actors and films related to the roles), the book starts to establish the gods, demigods, and lesser beings of cinematic mythology.

●

For the cream of the film crop, Pickard's *The Award Movies* (Schocken) provides a convenient companion volume, in two parts, to *Who Played Who*. .. Part One alphabetically lists movies that have won best picture awards over the past fifty years (Oscars, and the awards of the British Film Academy, the New Critics Circle, the National Board of Review, and international festivals). Part Two covers chronologically the awards organizations and the major categories of award. Both Pickard books further establish the input of film to general culture and act to canonize those already granted nearly sanctified status in places like *People* magazine and the *National Enquirer* (other sacred texts of the age). the seventh edition of Leslie Halliwell's *Filmgoer's Companion* (Scribner's/Avon) is a 700-plus-page volume of film titles and their makers in front of an behind the camera. This great granddaddy of film books details the breakthrough from the old-line cineaste parochialism to mainstream insinuation now in the making.

—Steven L. Kaplan

BLOOD LEST

John McCarty's *Splatter Movies* (Fanta Co Enterprises, Inc., 21 Central Ave., Albany, N.Y. 12210) entertainingly surveys a film genre not always entertaining in itself—the technicolor, widescreen epics of Slans 'N Drip. Snubbing the censorious stance pompously assumed by the genre's trendy detractors, McCarty presents an historical overview (beginning with the 1890s *Grand Guignol*, closing with a peek into the gory makeup kit of Tom Savini) and a valuable explanation of the genre's function. It *isn't* to sicken or even frighten audiences with vivid violence, but to *astonish* them with convincing cosmetic trickery.

While some of McCarty's opinions are arguable (he ascribes to "Martin," George Romero's tabloid lament to our generation's loss of spiritual strength, a heavy debt to EC Comics), he works relative wonders with basically brief—at times defeatingly brief—chapters. His sociological analysis of Hammer Films, for example, I found highly astute and illuminating. McCarty's prose, which frames a gallery of black and white photos, is personable and pun-loving (he gleefully refers to certain films as having made "big grosses" at the box office, and to their directors as "carving out" new creative territory). The book is among the best "Arguments For" I could cite. Lighthearted and clear-headed, *Splatter Movies* is an admirable, sane (I'm tempted to add "rippingly good") piece of work.

—Timothy R. Lucas

AMERICAN FANTASY

If you had more money than God does and no taste (but thought you had taste) and considered yourself a connoisseur, you would need a very special magazine. Or if you just liked to fantasize about what you'd buy if you had tons of money and cared not a whit or a fig what anyone thought of your taste, you would need a very special magazine, also.

A magazine that combines tackiness and elephant dollars on a scale never previously dared in the history of publications is the *Robb Report* ($5 from Robb Report International, Inc., 5025 Roswell Rd., Suite 110, Atlanta, GA 30342). Flip those slick pages. Imagine how neat it would feel to own Hitler's dinnerware, Valentino's yacht, an Auburn boat-tail speedster, two or three of the dozens of Rolls-Royces or Bentleys offered, a mink teddy bear, an entire thirty-six-horse early 1900s carousel. Hog heaven. No bathroom is complete without a copy.

The biker's life is another expression of the great American dream the freedom of the road, rowdy buddies and biker mommas to share it with, a hot Harley roaring like a lion between your thighs. Hog heaven: Mark II. For most of us, the fantasy is better than the reality. Safer, anyway.

But the best way yet to fantasize about the bad biker's life is through the pages of *In the Wind*, the quarterly collection of photos from "the great readers of *Easyriders* and *Iron Horse* magazines," two mags for motorcycle fan-addicts worth checking out for shock value alone. (*In the Wind* 2 and 3 are $2.50 by mail, *Wind* 4 is $2.95; 5 and 6 are $3 to *Wind*, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265.) Hundreds of photos, well over 100 in color, mostly funny, gross, and/or beautiful, of bad bikers and bad bikes; bad biker mommas flashing tits, tattoos, and tattooed tits; biker funerals; bikers mooning cop cars; a six-biker pyramid mooning the camera; etc... "These are not your ordinary 'lookit the shiny chrome' motorcycle magazines," their ad reads. You betcha!

America is chock full o' possible fantasies—what else can you say?

—Peter Stampfel

AddendA

Ever since I moved to NYC I've discovered no better fantasy food than sushi. Just the reaction on a disbeliever's face when you eat raw fish is enough to make you cherish the stuff, but when you actually take food into another dimension as a transformed visual fantasy... that's a whole 'nother thing. I don't want to touch it, just look and drool. And the physical sensation of sushi alone is practically an alien experience—subtle light meat, tasting more like a rare fruit than an uncooked edible. But what about those midwesterners lost in the wilds without an opportunity to taste fresh fish shipped in daily? Well, then, get *The Book of Sushi* (Kondansha), by Kinjiro Omae and Usuru Tachibana, to satisfy you at least conceptually. A perfect intro, both visually and historically, to the act of eating sushi—from proper preparation to listings of preferred sushi bars. What was it that Freud said about food being a substitute for sex?

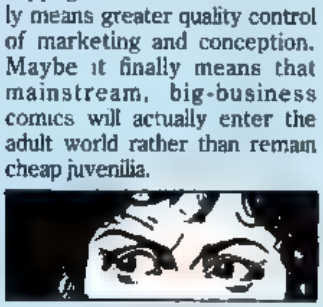
In this age of further specialization, what is next but the *Airbrush Digest*, dedicated to the proposition that man does not make only better mousetraps but also superscience arts tools? Stories range from how to paint plastic models to a profile of artist Charles White. Since *HM* too is part of their subject matter (*HM* readers are huge fans of the field look at some of our cover choices), the mag's dedication to specialization is for the real *HM* fan as well ($2.50 per copy/$21 yearly, 521 S.W. Eleventh Ave., Portland, OR 97205).

Current rock oddities (musical and otherwise): Columbia Records' funny repackage of a "Pink Floyd's greatest hits" variant—*A Collection of Great Dance Songs* (hey, guys, maybe you were seminal influences, but a great dance band you ain't). A new version of "Money" redeems this disk from being an expensive in-joke. Girl friend Bebe Buell's (is she to marry Psy Furs' Butler?) four-song EP debut, *Cover Girl* (Rhino, 11609 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90064), with producers Rick Derringer and the Cars' Ric Ocasek (the value of connections!), has the strangest, daintiest version of Iggy's "Funtime" I've heard. The Nails' new-Lou Reed rap song (a la "Walk on the..."), "88 Lines About 44 Women," from their *Hotel for Women* EP (City Beat/Jimboco Records, Box 203, Ansonia Station, NYC 10023), makes one wonder about their own sex life Cacha lot Records' (55 Mercer St., NYC 10013) release of the song "Burundi Black"—a Rusty Egan/J. P. Illiesco remix of a classic African drumming tune—was first a commercial hit ten years ago in the U.K., so watch out for this one, Adam Ant. And *Recorder Three*, an inventive combination magazine/album features major new-wave/progressive music (Robert Fripp, Essential Bop, etc.), with some unusual primitive futurist articles (16 Ambrose Rd., Cliftonwood, Bristol 8, England).

When I first saw *Elfquest* (the magazine), I never thought it would last. The execution of the drawings was rudimentary at first glance, the stuff of the story seemingly inconsequential—another set of irrelevant fantasy tales, by my standards. But gain glories it did; and along with such a following, this deluxe edition of the first book of *Elfquest* (Donning Company, 5659 Virginia Beach Boulevard, Norfolk, VA 23502) as well as a large-size paperback have appeared. After hacking through its often juvenile fare, we see a charming and engaging story emerge, one that cleverly recasts the elf/troll/wild-ones myth in a more modern context. There's always room for ambitious independent publishing ventures.

So, when you hit it big, you hit it even bigger in comics fandom! Enough so, in Wendy Pini's case, that it warranted the creation of the Elfquest Gatherum (Fanta Graphics Books, 196 W. Haviland Lane, Stamford, Conn. 06903). So there you've got it, a catalog, sketches, interviews, analyses, and extraneous bits.

With the demise of comic-book newsstand sales around the corner, standard American comics will be radically altered. One step in the direction of that change has been recently made by Marvel, with the introduction of their graphic-novel series (looking something like *HM*'s comics version of *Alien*) It begins with a new version of "Captain Marvel," by Jim Starlin. But the series in general is expected to create both new characters and new universes: in production now are Walt Simonson's sf mercenary epic *The Star Slammers* (Simonson recently collaborated with Stephen King on a comic for Marvel) and Craig Russell's new stylizations of Mike Moorcock's Elric mythos. Most unusual about the series is not only the quality of production—these *are* camera-separated color-art trade paperbacks, not shoddy newsprint magazines—but also the artists' control of copyright. And that theoretically means greater quality control of marketing and conception. Maybe it finally means that mainstream, big-business comics will actually enter the adult world rather than remain cheap juvenilia.



And what's your favorite color?..." When British avant-rockers Siouxsie and the Banshees hit town, I stepped backstage to ask bassist-songwriter Severin what *his* list of favorite flights of science-fiction fancy might be. Here's his off-the-cuff reply:

Crash, by J. G. Ballard; *Atrocity Exhibition*, by J. G. Ballard; *The Illustrated Man*, by Ray Bradbury; *The Green Brain*, by Frank Herbert; and, he emphasized again, anything else by Ballard.

—Brad Balfour

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Dear Mr. Kierkegaard,
I am shocked and dismayed at your repeated attacks on my husband, who is only trying to preserve the rights of people like you to "express" yourself. That's why I think you should stop. Irony must always fail if it is not constructive. I think you must be a very sad person, probably a drug addict.

Sincerely,

Dear [illegible]
How come the girls in your strip have such little tits? You should put in more [illegible] sekwences too. What's the matter, pansy afraid of a little blood? This is your final warning.

Conan Schwartz-[illegible]uller

Maybe they're right--maybe I have lost touch with real[illegible]...

HUH

I know what- I'll give the Gollywog huge mu[illegible]cles and a sword

and I'[illegible] make Adeli[illegible] into a prin[illegible]ess with mammoth breasts, and spell her name [illegible]kwards.

An...and...I'[illegible] change the nam[illegible] of the strip t[illegible]

SPACE OPERA

I HAD CRASHED IN THE SAVAGE EMBRACE OF A HOSTILE WORLD!

AS I SPRANG LITHELY TO MY TANNED, MUSCULAR FEET, I COULD SENSE THAT SOMETHING WAS AMISS

PRINCESS ENILEDA! SHE'S BEEN KIDNAPPED!

READERS THE NEW, IMPROVED SPACE OPERA IS ON THE LEFT...

The Space Skuttle had ended its long journey in a blazing crash on an alien world. Miraculously, we had survived, but the Miss Moral America contestants were still trapped inside the burning craft.

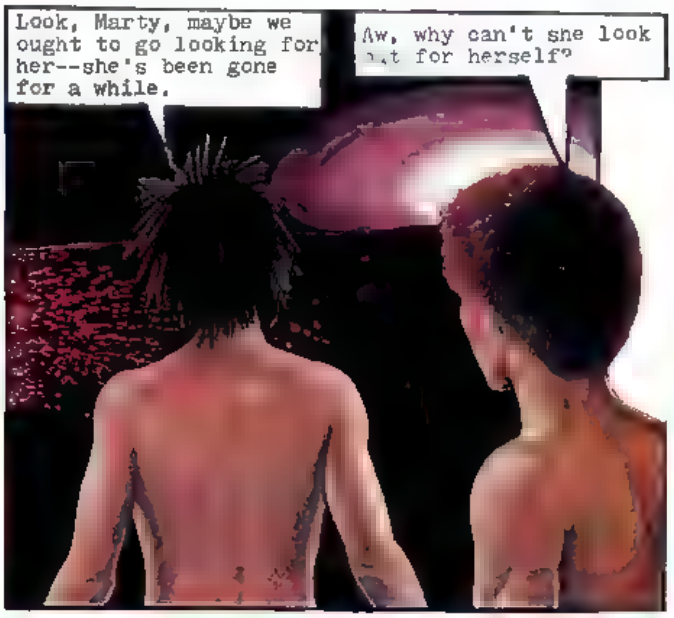
Well, don't just stand there--let's go look for help!

[illegible]e you kidding? In the dark?--there might be monsters or something.

I [illegible]we the biggest cowards I've ever seen. I [illegible]!

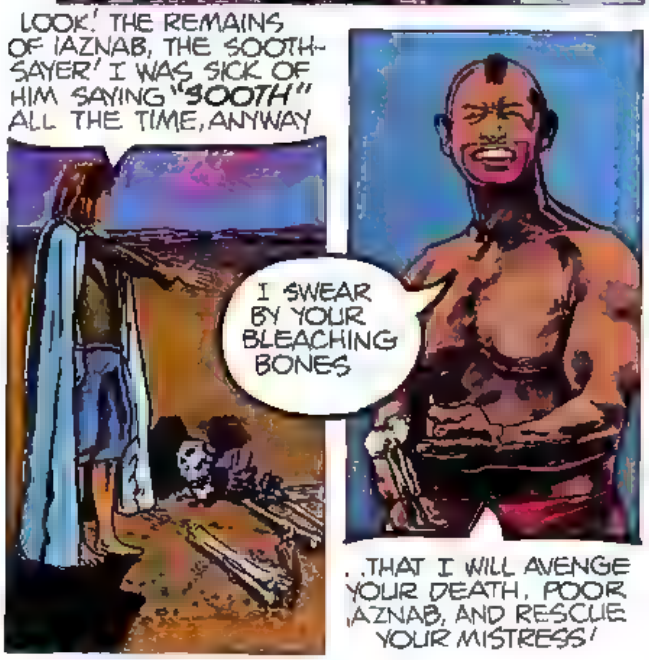
AND THE OLD, TIRED ROCK OPERA IS ON THE RIGHT!

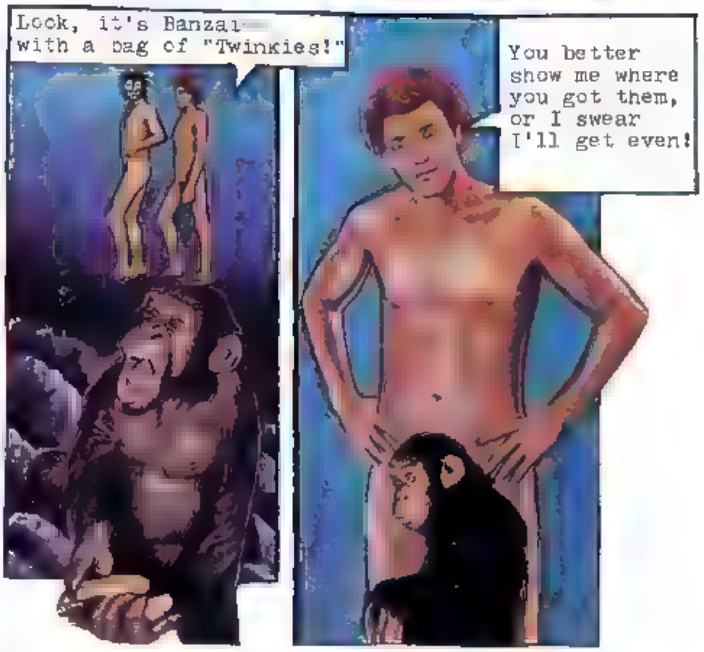
SOME LOATH-SOME PERVERSION OF NATURE HAS MADE THESE TRACKS!
WE MUST FIND HER, FOR SHE ALONE POS-SESSES THE RING OF MOOD!


Look, Marty, maybe we ought to go looking for her--she's been gone for a while.
Aw, why can't she look out for herself?

OUR QUEST LED US ACROSS A BARREN, BLIGHTED TERRAIN, BLASTED AND BLACKENED BY A NAMELESS EVIL!..

As the dawn broke, we found ourselves in a landscape of fantastic desolation.
Ow! I've cut my goddamn foot.


LOOK! THE REMAINS OF IAZNAB, THE SOOTH-SAYER! I WAS SICK OF HIM SAYING "SOOTH" ALL THE TIME, ANYWAY
I SWEAR BY YOUR BLEACHING BONES
..THAT I WILL AVENGE YOUR DEATH, POOR IAZNAB, AND RESCUE YOUR MISTRESS!


Look, it's Banzai with a bag of "Twinkies!"
You better show me where you got them, or I swear I'll get even!

LISTEN! WHAT SCREAMING DO I HEAR FROM YON CAVE?
WE FOLLOWED THE RENDING CRIES INTO THE BOWELS OF THE PUTRESCENT CREVICE ..

We followed the former secretary of state into a cave set high in the rocks. Inside it stank to high Heaven.

A NAKED FEMALE FORM HOVERED BEFORE MY TANNED, MUSCULAR EYES. I HAD NEVER KNOWN SUCH DESIRE FOR A MERE WOMAN

But then Marty had to butt in.
Suddenly, we met Marie Osmond. She came closer, her teeth gleaming in the inky darkness.

IT WAS YTRAM WHO BROUGHT ME TO MY SENSES
IT IS A MONSTER WHICH HAS BEWITCHED YOU! TAKE MY LANCE AND SLAY HIM WITHAL!
IN THAT MOMENT, HE TRADED HIS LIFE FOR MINE, AND I SWORE BY HIS SOON-TO-BE BLEACHING BONES THAT IT WOULD BE AVENGED!

Hey, look--it's a monster!
Gross! Let's poke it with a stick!

AARGGH!
WITH A STRANGLED CRY I LEAPT INTO THE DEN OF THE UNHOLY THING!
WE BATTLED LONG— AND MY SWORD SANG WITH ITS FOUL BLOOD AND LEPROUS SINEW!
WUF!
SHLUK!
Don't you dare! This is his planet and he was nice enough to save our lives.
SHLUFSH!
IN ITS ENTRAILS I FOUND THE PRINCESS STILL ALIVE, ENCASED IN A CRYSTAL EGG!
WHEN IT SEEMED THAT I MUST SURELY DIE, I FOUND THE EYE OF THE THING— BEHIND WHICH LODGED ITS BRAIN!
Adeline! Are you OK?
Sure...listen, let's go outside for some fresh air and I'll explain everything.
© 1982 ROD "KILLER" KIERKEGAARD, JR.
WHAT MIRACLE IS THIS THAT WE ARE ALIVE AND ALONE IN THE ARMS OF THE NIGHT?
It's a miracle our finding you like this. I was really worried-- I think I love you...
IT WAS THE RING WHICH HE WANTED, AND NOW YOU MUST TAKE IT...
...AND ME AS WELL, FOR I AM YOURS!
That's very flattering-- it's just that I'm not ready for a relation-ship...
TO BE CONTINUED...

I ♥ FAST WOMEN

1x. I ♥ TO GET DOWN
2x. I ♥ BEING RT
3x. I ♥ BEER
4x. I ♥ SEX
5x. I ♥ COCAINE
6x. I ♥ TO BULLSHIT
7x. I ♥ TITIES
8x. I ♥ LITTLE GIRLS
9x. I ♥ LITTLE BOYS
10x. I ♥ HEAD
11x. I ♥ FAST WOMEN
12x. I ♥ DRUGS
13x. I ♥ TO PARTY
14x. I ♥ MYSELF
15x. I ♥ FAST CARS
16x. I ♥ TO DICK
17x. I ♥ LONG LEGS
18x. I ♥ THE BIG ONE
19x. I ♥ BROOKE
20x. I DON'T ♥ ANYTHING
21x. I ♥ NEW WAVE
22x. I ♥ YOU
23x. I ♥ IT
24x. I ♥ MONEY
25x. I ♥ LUCY
26x. I ♥ ROCK
27x. I ♥ IT WET
28x. I ♥ TIGHT ASSES
29x. I ♥ FRIDAYS
30x. I ♥ BRUNETTES
31x. I ♥ BLONDES
32x. I ♥ REDHEADS
33x. I ♥ YOUR BODY
34x. I ♥ SNOW
35x. I ♥ SKIING
36x. I ♥ TO FART
37x. I ♥ MOTORCYCLES
38x. I ♥ COUNTRY

ALL T-SHIRTS
FINEST QUALITY
100% COTTON
MADE IN U.S.A.

ALL B.B. HATS
FINEST QUALITY
ADJUSTABLE

ALL BASEBALL
SHIRTS
FINEST QUALITY
50/50
MADE IN U.S.A.

PLUS OVER 100 MORE OF THE MOST RUDEST SAYINGS ON BASEBALL HATS AND SHIRTS!

47. MY FACE IS LEAVING AT NINE, BE ON IT
50. AS LONG AS I HAVE A FACE, YOU HAVE A PLACE TO SIT
21. I'D WALK OVER YOU TO SEE "THE WHO"
1. I'M NOT WEARING ANY UNDERWEAR
FILM AT 11
2. FREE MOUSTACHE RIDES (WITH ARTWORK)
3. BEND OVER I'LL DRIVE
17. IN OUTERSPACE, NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU FART
4. CHAMPION MOUSTACHE RIDER (WITH ARTWORK)
5. I RODE THE MOUSTACHE (WITH ARTWORK)
6. I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM,
I DRINK,
I GET DRUNK,
I FALL DOWN,
NO PROBLEM
7. PARDON ME, BUT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEBODY WHO GIVES A SHIT
30. SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME
8. HEY LITTLE GIRL, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
9. HEY LITTLE BOY, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
10. SAVE OUR BEACHES
HARPOON A FAT CHICK!
11. HAVE A NICE DAY, ASSHOLE!
12. FUCK YOU IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE
13. NOT FAT CHICKS
14. NO FAT DUDES
15. WE DIVE AT FIVE
16. WHY DON'T WE GET DRUNK AND SCREW?
18. THE MORE WE TALK, THE LESS TIME WE HAVE TO FOOL AROUND
19. NO TEENIE WEENIES
20. MINES BIGGER
22. IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE WHEN YOU'RE AS GREAT AS I AM
23. BOY, SURE LIKE TO TOUCH THOSE!
61. I'M SO HORNY, EVEN THE CRACK OF DAWN ISN'T SAFE
62. I MAY NOT GO DOWN IN HISTORY, BUT I'LL GO DOWN ON YOUR LITTLE SISTER
63. HOW CAN YOU SOAR WITH EAGLES WHEN YOU WORK WITH TURKEYS?
64. YOUR CRITICISM IS GREATLY APPRECIATED, FUCK YOU VERY MUCH
66. I'M A FUCKING GENIUS
66. FUCK OFF
67. LIFE IS A BED OF ROSES, BUT WATCH OUT FOR THE PRICKS
68. THE WORD OF THE DAY IS LEGS, HELP SPREAD THE WORD
69. YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO GO FUCK YOURSELF
70. I'M THE KIND OF GUY YOUR MOTHER WARNED YOU ABOUT
24. PARTY SIZE
25. 1980'S SLOW CARS—FAST WOMEN
26. I DO
BUT NOT WITH YOU
27. LOVE 'TILL I SCREAM
28. I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD
29. I'M FOR LUST
31. I WANT A MEAL, NOT A SNACK!
32. ONE OF A KIND
33. DON'T LAUGH, COULD YOU DO BETTER IF YOU WERE BLIND?
34. 60 POUND SAND!
35. SCHOOL SUCKS!
36. ASK ME IF I CARE
37. SNOW BLIND
38. LISTEN TO WHAT I MEAN, NOT WHAT I SAY
39. TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT!
40. WHEN EVERYTHING'S RIGHT, NOTHING MATTERS
41. KART RACERS DO IT ON ALL FOURS

LIST OF MORE SAYINGS TO RUDE TO PRINT INCLUDED IN EVERY ORDER RECEIVED.

Hotline Order# Credit Cards & COD's call (714) 879-4103

MAIL TO: GUCCIONE GRAPHICS
Dept. HM 42
1080 S. Cypress St., Bldg. F
La Habra, California 90631

VISA MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

U.S. FUNDS ONLY
Foreign Countries add an additional $2.00 to total.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Send _____ T-Shirt(s) @ $6.99 $ _____
Send _____ Men's Baseball Shirt(s) @ $8.99 ... $ _____
Send _____ Baseball Hat(s) @ $5.99 $ _____
TOTAL AMOUNT ..... $ _____
California people add 6% sales tax $ _____
Shipping/Handling ..... $ $2.00
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED $ _____
Send Check/M.O. or charge my ☐Master Card ☐Visa
Credit Card# _____ Exp. Date _____

B.B. HATS

STYLE#	COLOR

HAT COLORS: BLACK, BROWN, GOLD, KELLY, LT. BLUE, NAVY, ROYAL, ORANGE, RED, MAROON

B.B. SHIRTS

STYLE#	SIZE	COLOR

SHIRT COLORS: NATURAL WITH CHOICE OF NAVY, RED, KELLY, GOLD, ROYAL BLUE, BLACK
Sizes S/M/L/XL

SAYINGS WITH HEARTS NOT AVAILABLE ON BLACK, NAVY OR RED T-SHIRTS

T-SHIRTS

STYLE#	SIZE	COLOR

SHIRT COLORS: BLACK, BONE, YELLOW, GOLD, NAVY, LT. BLUE, ORANGE, RED, WHITE
Sizes S/M/L/XL

It's all in the name!

HEAVY METAL

Heavy Metal. **The term itself is synonymous with strength, the fantastic, the outrageous. And what better way to describe our new belt buckle!**

Each weighty bronze buckle is 3¼" by 2" and will fit any standard belt.

It's the kind of accessory you can dress up or dress down, as our friendly models right here beside us so well display!

***Heavy Metal* Buckle**
Dept. HM 4-82
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Please send me _____ buckle (s) at $10.95 each (which includes postage and handling).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

(New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.)

COMING

See, what we got here in the May issue of *Heavy Metal* is the start of this real odd strip entitled, "The Ape." It's all about this humanlike tribe of apes, etc. etc. etc. No, Charlton Heston does not make a guest appearance in this **Milo Manara** strip.

Plus: Galactic Geographic returns bigger and better than ever!

Val Lakey's beautiful strip, "Sixteen and Vanilla," premieres.

And **David Black** begins a three-part article on (you guessed it) sex through the ages—from Cleopatra to naughty nighties.

The Theory of Heavolution

As man evolves, so do his reading habits

In his newest form, man is a class-act mammal. (Note the two-hatted, four-legged, eyes-bulging creature before you.) At his present state of intelligence, ordinary magazines are just not good enough for him. That's where we come in.

Heavy Metal, the world's foremost adult illustrated fantasy magazine, hits the spot. With 1,200 pages a year, the quality of beauty and imagination of *Heavy Metal* is unsurpassed by other publications.

So, order today. Who knows? In another 100,000 years or so, *Heavy Metal* could be obsolete!

Heavy Metal, Dept. 282
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Three years (36 issues), regular price $39.00.
Now only $29.00 (80¢ per issue).

Two years (24 issues), regular price $32.00.
Now only $22.00 (92¢ per issue).

One year (12 issues), regular price $19.00.
Now only $14.00 ($1.16 per issue).

Please enter my *Heavy Metal* subscription for
____ 3 years, ____ 2 years, ____ 1 year.

☐ Payment enclosed: $ _____

Charge to my

☐ MasterCard # _____ MasterCard Interbank # _____

☐ Visa # _____ Exp. Date _____

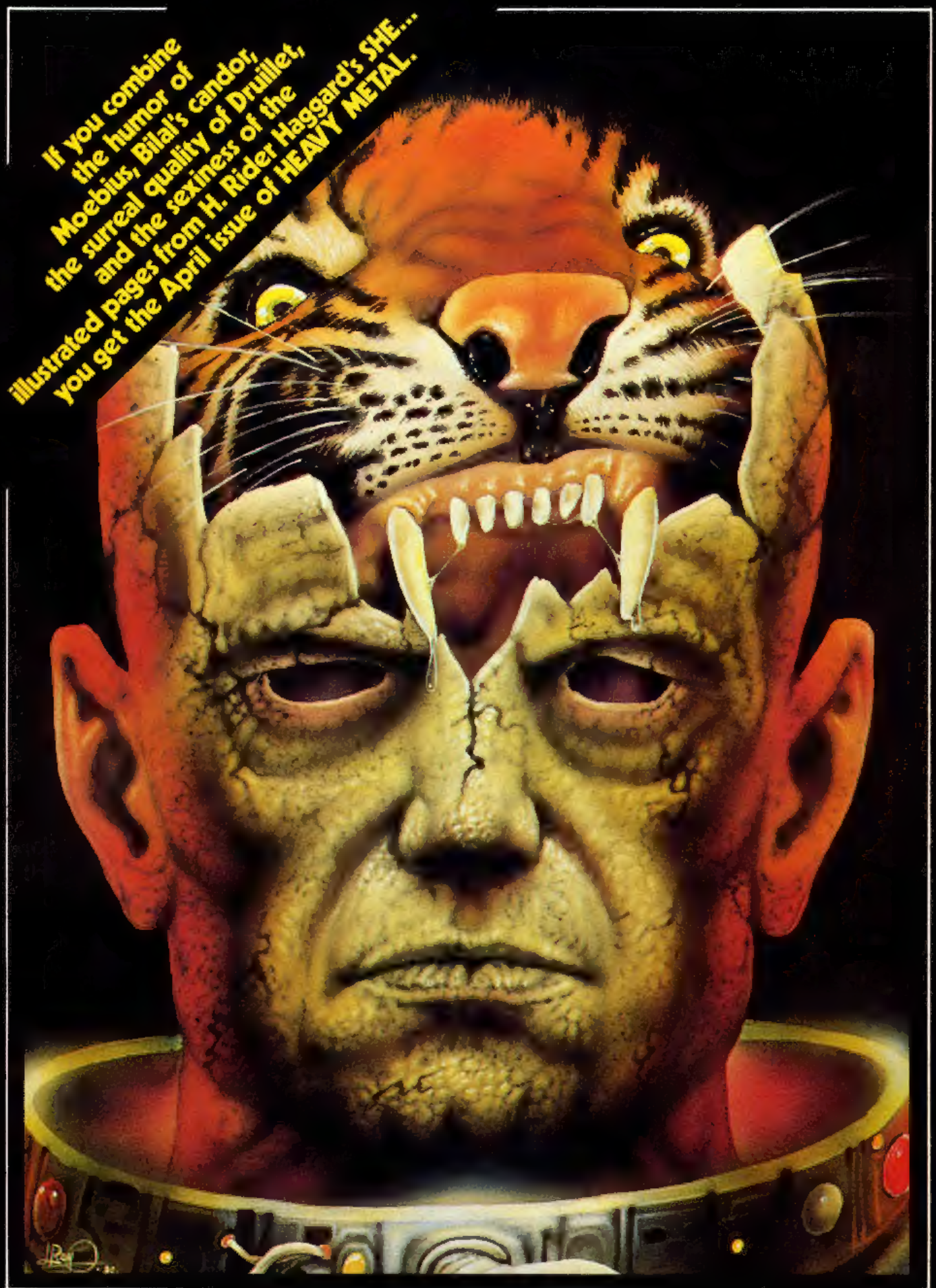
Signature _____

Name _____

Mailing Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Checks must be payable within U.S. or Canada. Add $5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.


If you combine
the humor of
Moebius, Bilal's candor,
the surreal quality of Druillet,
and the sexiness of the
illustrated pages from H. Rider Haggard's SHE...
you get the April issue of HEAVY METAL.